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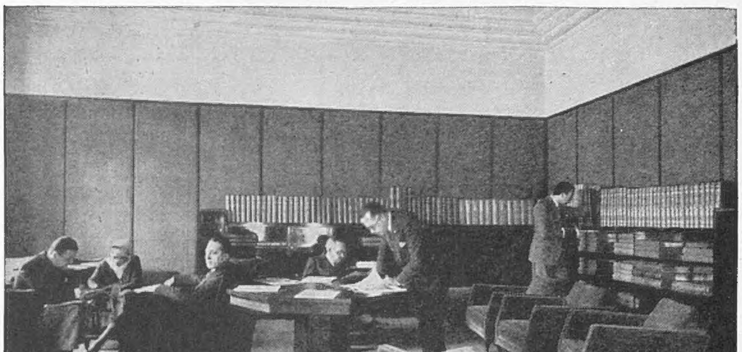

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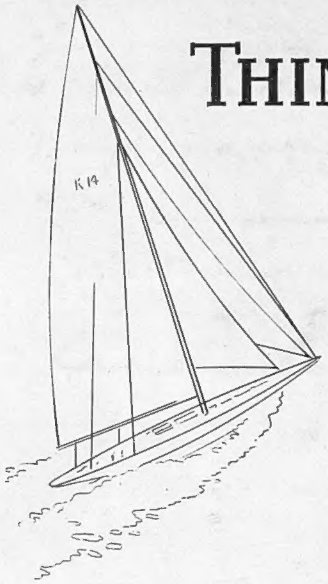

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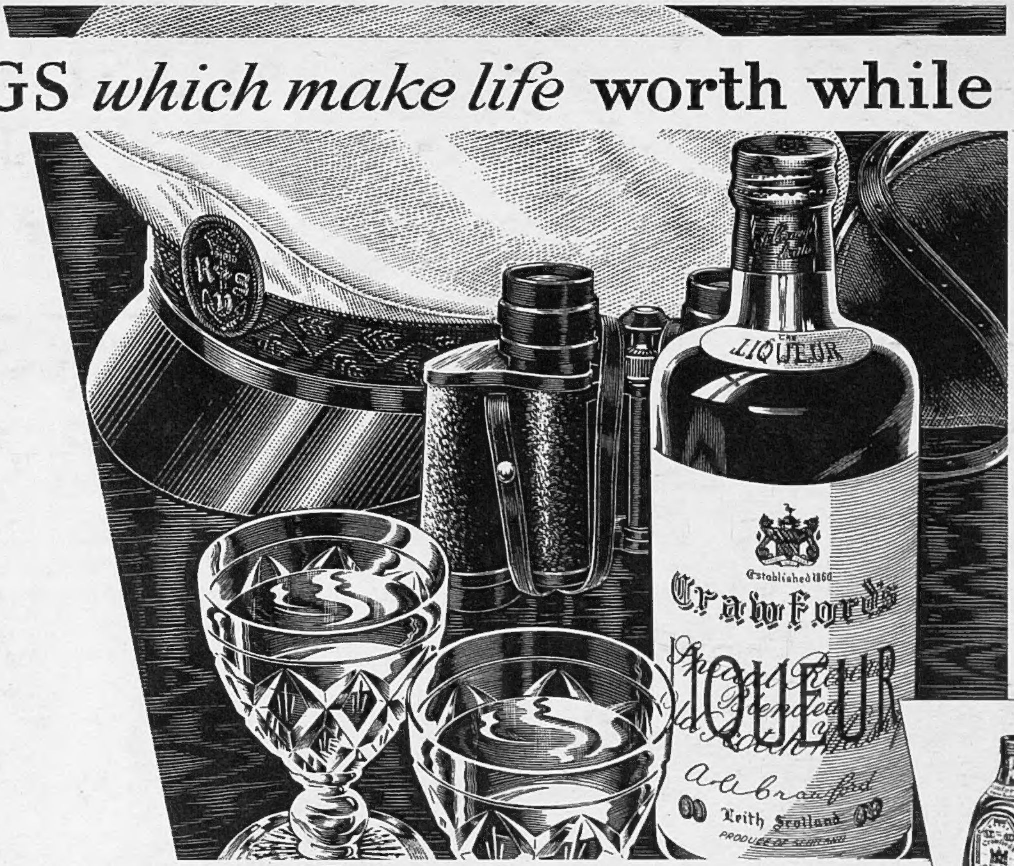

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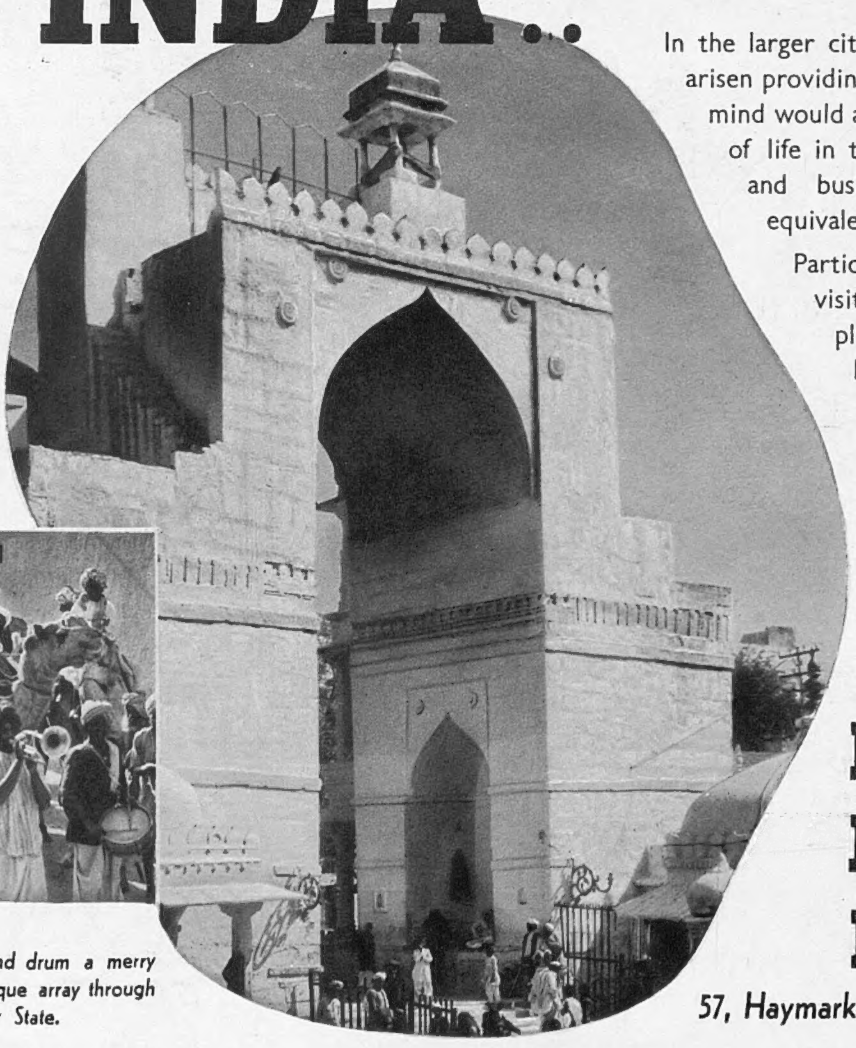
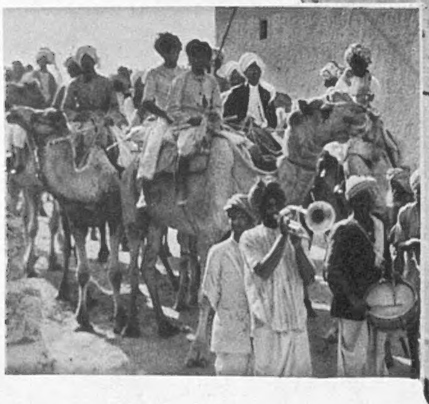


● Right: A source of deep spiritual refreshment to pilgrims—the tomb of St. Moinuddin Chisti at Ajmer.



● Above: With trumpet and drum a merry nuptial party passes in picturesque array through a street in Bikaner State.

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The Sketch

No. 2327—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

THE GARBO
AS MARIE WALEWSKA.

GRETA GARBO'S *new M.-G.-M. picture,* "MARIE WALEWSKA," *deals with the romance between Napoleon Bonaparte and Marie Walewska, the Polish noblewoman who first refused to receive the conqueror, and later, in order to save her unhappy country from still further humiliation, yielded to him. Finally, she became devotedly attached to Napoleon. Their son, Count Walewska, was a famous adventurer of the early nineteenth century. In the film Charles Boyer co-stars with Garbo.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

AUGUST.

AUGUST is dead; let us give it decent obsequies. Poets have written a great deal about spring and autumn, ignoring the fact that both these seasons are frequently indistinguishable from winter; but nobody ever commemorates August. And yet it is, in many ways, the most remarkable month of the year. An entire change comes over the life, not only of the nation, but (apparently) of the world. It is a season of Universal Paralysis, a time when the whole of civilised society sinks into a kind of coma or catalepsy.

You have only to glance at your attenuated newspaper to see that nothing ever happens in August. I mean, nothing really important. Of course, inconsiderate persons, who don't mind interrupting other people's holidays, may start wars or revolutions — indeed, August seems to be a favourite season for those pastimes. But when it comes to really big headline-stuff, there seems to be a sort of tacit agreement among all the most accomplished criminals not to commit "sensational" murders or to rob the Bank of England. Similarly, film-stars hardly ever get divorced in August, and quads and quins seldom choose this month for making their début. There is simply no news-value in anything; I suppose dogs bite men in August, but men never seem to bite dogs. It is very hard on editors, and they are obliged, as we all know, to have recourse to the desperate expedient of Correspondence. This throws a heavy burden on the editorial staff, which, of course, has to write most of the letters, pro and con, until it has stung into action the numerous persons who see a golden opportunity of rushing into print when everybody else is away at the seaside. However, if criminals won't commit crimes and elopers won't elope in August, what are newspapers to do? You can't, after all, fill the entire paper with advice about freckles and sunburn; there are limits to the subject. When you find a notoriously sedate and dignified journal, which would not so far forget itself as to become excited even if fifty men bit fifty dogs, arguing for weeks about Painted Finger-nails, you can realise what the life of a journalist must be in August. I suppose things *do* happen in the Silly Season, and I suppose there *is* news somewhere; but the trouble is that nobody *wants* news. You can't take much interest in current events, and you don't want to, when you are grilling in a deck-chair, or spread-eagled on the sand, or up to the chin in the English Channel. You would much rather that there were no current events whatever; and, recognising their unpopularity, current events very sensibly cease to occur. Probably it is all for the best.

The world is on holiday. Yes, but that is not quite as simple as it sounds. For myself, I cannot imagine that any sensible person would go on holiday in August if he could possibly help it. Who, except those with a powerful herd-instinct, would choose to be one of a teeming multitude, and to pay fancy prices for the privilege? The laws of supply and demand are inexorable, and they decree that in August a tin bungalow costs about as much as a suite at the Grand Babylon Hotel. But what are you to do? You must take your time off when other people are taking their time off; you can't, even if you want to, keep the shop going when all the customers are paddling on the beach. You can't even take a quiet time at home, because servants show an obstinate tendency to be like other misguided human beings, and to demand holidays in August; and, before you know where you are, you will find yourself in a house swathed in dust-sheets. Very probably, to add to your amusement, men in strange attire will appear with ladders and pots of distemper and rolls of wall-paper, and will begin to tear the place to pieces before your eyes. Well, there is always the Club? No, that is just what there isn't! The men with ladders and things have also invaded the Club, and have turned it into an abomination of desolation; and while it is very kind of the Megatherium to offer temporary hospitality, you find the Megatherium rather like a family vault. Perhaps you decide to employ this slack time usefully, and to go to a library and get up that material which has long been demanding attention. Not a hope! The Abominable Men in aprons and overalls have taken possession of the library too. The place whines and vibrates all day with vacuum-cleaners. It is extraordinary how these shock-troops, armed with ladders and brushes and buckets and many other forms of mechanised warfare, mobilise in August and drive us, by sheer weight of numbers, down to the coast.

"BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU."

DRAWN BY VICKY.

Besides, we are in this matter—as in most others—the slaves of our offspring. There is a firmly-established convention—indeed, there is a law—that our children must be educated, and the pedagogues whom we employ for this purpose absolutely refuse to perform their duty in the month of August. Something has to be done with children who are thus heartlessly abandoned to their fate, and there is a superstition that the sea-air is good for them. I doubt whether this is entirely true—on the contrary, the sea-air frequently deranges their little tum-tums. The real reason for sending them to the sea is that it is the only place where there are unlimited quantities of sand (always provided that it is not shingle) and water; and children are so constituted that so long as there is sand and water, there is something to keep them occupied. Let there be no mistake, however; I voice the experience of thousands when I say that a seaside holiday with children is, for their parents, no holiday at all. It is hard work. Sensible parents, having done their duty by their young, then go away together for a change and rest. The only possible obstacle to that plan is that you have to be able to afford both the time and the money! It is one of the great weaknesses of our economic system that there is not always enough of these commodities.

Yes, in August, we are the bondsmen of our children, our servants, our domestic pets, and of ruthless men with hobnailed boots, hard hearts, tin buckets and untidy habits. Therefore, my soul never sings at the thought that August is i-cumen in; and I see it i-going out with no regret.

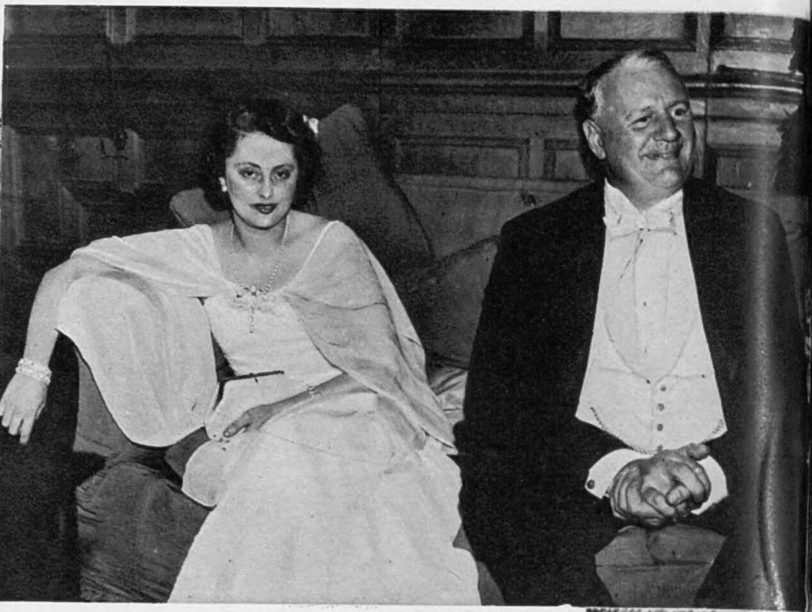
THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mr. Bristlewood knows one of those jolly little places in Soho.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS

A GREAT GATHERING OF NORTH COUNTRY BALL FOR

The COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, *the hostess, wore a black dress. She is at supper with* SIR CUTHBERT HEADLAM.



H.E. THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO EGYPT, SIR MILES LAMPSON, *and* LADY LAMPSON *(formerly Miss Jacqueline Castellani) were members of the house-party.*

THE ball in aid of the inauguration of a fund for the maintenance of a woman organiser for the Conservative Party in Cumberland was held, by kind invitation of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, at Naworth Castle, and was a big success. Over 370 tickets were issued in response to the invitations sent out by Lady Carlisle. The ball was the first to be held at Naworth for over thirty years.

LADY CAROLYN HOWARD, *only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, with* MR. JOHN BARRAN. *She wore a bright-blue dress.*

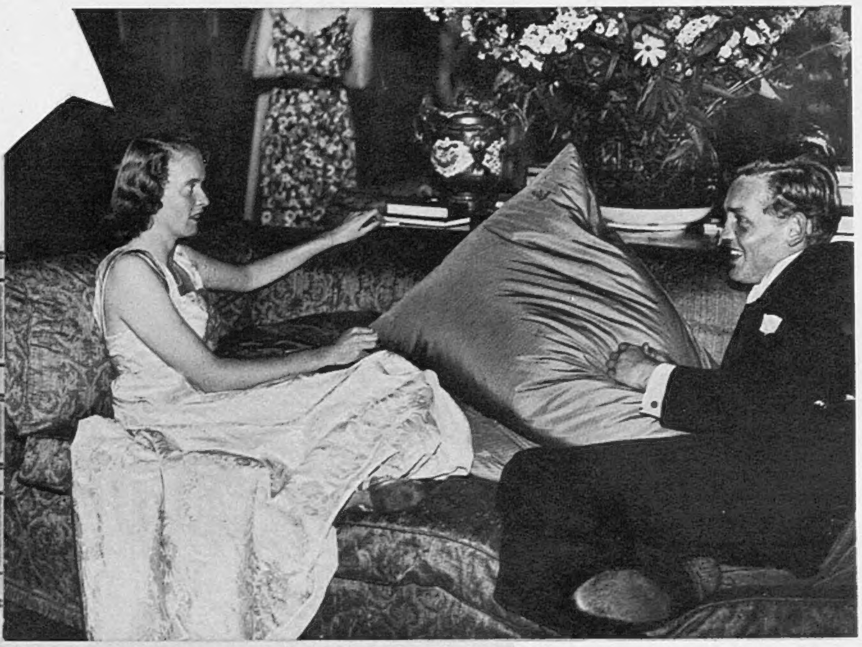
MR. SCOTT NICHOLSON, MRS. SCOTT NICHOLSON, MR. RICHARD BLACK, MISS DIANA IRWIN, MR. NOEL JARDINE PATERSON, MISS SUE OWEN, *and* MR. SIMON CARRUTHERS *(l. to r.).*

Right: LADY IRENE HAIG, *youngest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, with* MR. NICOLAS BRUCE *on the parapet of Naworth Castle. They were members of the Countess of Carlisle's house-party.*

MRS. SPEARS, *well known as Mary Borden, the novelist, with* MR. W. AIREY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

SOCIETY AT THE FIRST NAWORTH CASTLE THIRTY YEARS.



MR. MARK HOWARD and MISS LAVINIA PEARSON were members of the Naworth Castle house-party.

MR. and MRS. G. B. MACKIE dancing together near one of the heraldic beasts in the hall.

Left: CAPTAIN CRITCHLEY and MRS. W. J. M. GUBBINS in the angle of one of the great fireplaces.

Left: MRS. McMURTIE dropped her bag behind the radiator. Hence DR. McMURTIE'S efforts to dislodge it. One of the footmen is also assisting.

MISS HANNAH and MR. JAMES WATTS were guests at the ball.

Dancing took place in the great hall on a specially laid floor. An eightsome reel is about to be danced.

SWAEBE.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

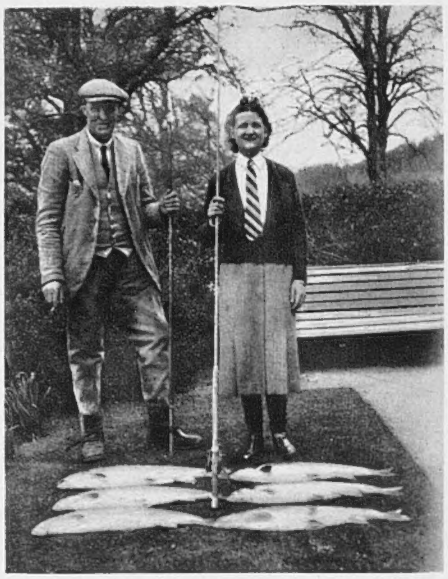
IN *The Sketch* of Aug. 11 I referred to the strange migration on the Great Ouse of thousands of coarse fish following the removal of a dredger three miles down-stream, and asked if Mr. P. M. B. Allan—to whom I owe an apology for spelling his name with an "e"—or anyone else who denies the intelligence of fish could offer an explanation. This has brought a response from Mr. Allan, who writes: "I do not think there is anything very mysterious about the fish following the dredger down-stream. A dredger is a hefty thing, and doubtless the fishes' very elementary power of visual co-ordination linked food with dredger. Fish (and all other animals, for that matter) can link food with its source; but they have no imagination, no intelligence, no sentiments, no ethics, no sense of the æsthetic values. Poor mutts!" After this I think it would be safer, perhaps, not to ask Mr. Allan what he thinks of anglers who employ their utmost skill, a great deal of time, patience, and no end of money on tackle in trying to catch these "poor mutts," and then very often fail dismally.

Remarkable Icelandic Trout Lake. Last July Mr. Robert Jorgensen and his wife, Dora Barnes, the actress, went to Iceland for a fishing trip. Mr. Jorgensen believes that Lake Thingvellir, in which they had a remarkable catch of seventeen trout, is almost unknown to British sportsmen, and he has no doubt that it would become very popular if better known. Four of the trout in this catch weighed between 6 lb. and 7 lb., three from 4 lb. to 6 lb., and the rest from 1 lb. to 3 lb. All were caught with spinner on a salmon rod and fought very well. Some little time ago Mr. Ansell Wells mentioned this astonishing trout lake to me, and he also spoke of a river in northern Iceland which yields trout of nearly the same weights. An interesting point about the photograph is that it was taken at 11.30 p.m. (1.30 a.m. British time).

Here are two MAGNIFICENT SEA-TROUT, *9½lb. and 8 lb., which were caught on dry fly in a Norwegian river by Mr. Neville F. Bostock. His gillie is seen in the snapshot.*

Sea-Trout on Dry Fly. Many anglers who find little sport in catching sea-trout at night—often the only time they can be caught on wet fly—may like to experiment with dry fly, which is very successfully employed in Norway. The photograph of Mr. Neville F. Bostock's gillie with two fine sea-trout shows what can be done. The essentials are a clear river and sun. The best time is from 10 a.m. until 3 p.m. If fish see the angler they will not rise, so care must be taken in spotting fish or when casting over likely lies. Mr. Bostock prefers a three-yard cast tapered to 1x or 2x, and uses large hackled flies of the spent gnat type, though red and black palmers are also effective. It is essential for the flies to be dressed with stiff cock-hackles, as the flies must ride high on the water.

Fly Dressed with Woman's Hair. If no fish can be spotted, the angler should wade in about knee-deep at the tail of a pool and cast first close under the bank, then further out, until the water within reach is covered. This procedure is repeated after wading a few yards higher. It is little use trying to rise sea-trout in water deeper than 8 ft. With big fish, plenty of time must be allowed when a fish takes the fly. Mr. Bostock advises striking as hard as the gut will allow, and when the fish runs, no attempt should be made to hold him until he eases up, otherwise a break is almost a certainty with a heavy fish. Mr. Bostock reckons that in a Norwegian river the odds are four to one against an angler landing a fish of 8 lb. or more. This year Mr. Bostock killed a sea-trout of 15 lb. on a fly he made with spent wings. The lure of a woman's hair proved irresistible, for the wings consisted of a lock from the tresses of a farmer's wife, whose sacrifice was well repaid, for Mr. Bostock presented the fish to her. Although these big Norwegian sea-trout can be caught easily at night on small salmon fly, Mr. Bostock and his friends use nothing but dry fly fished during the day, and obtain more satisfaction, though they may kill fewer fish.



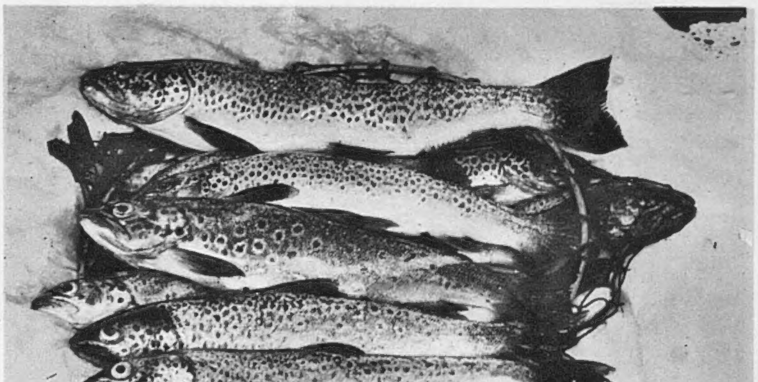
MISS HAY, *who was a guest of Sir Edward Mountain, Bt., on the Delfur stretch of the Spey, killed these six fine salmon in one day's fishing.*

Boy Angler's Feat. Last winter a picture was given in *The Sketch* of a young angler named Norman Bruce, who, though handicapped by having to use crutches, landed a 34½-lb. muskalonge—a fish very similar to our pike. This I described as a very remarkable feat, so I am at a loss to comment adequately on his performance this year in landing an even bigger muskalonge weighing 37 lb. He played this monster unaided, and was an easy first junior prize winner in the *Field and Stream* Record Fish contest. The senior contest was won by Mr. Herbert J. Kerr with a 50-pounder, which gave Mr. Kerr and his friend Mr. John Taylor an exciting time. When Mr. Taylor gaffed the big fellow, he fought so hard that the gaff straightened out. However, the hook held and Mr. Kerr managed to bring it close to the boat again. Mr. Taylor succeeded in catching hold by the gills and Mr. Kerr seized it round the middle, and between them they hauled it aboard, Mr. Taylor's hands being badly cut during the proceedings. Young Norman Bruce's big fish was caught in the Lake of the Woods on a "Huskie Pikie Minnow." This lake yielded several other big pike last season, three of them weighing from 45½ lb. to 47 lb.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

A fifteen-year-old boy, Eddie Viles, caught five striped bass in an hour off Muny Pier, San Francisco, on Aug. 3. They weighed 96 lb., the largest being 21 lb., and two weighed 16½ lb. each.

R. L. MARSTON.



A morning's catch from the Leader, a tributary of the Tweed. The size and quality of the trout can be gauged from the net which is 12 inches in diameter. Several of the TROUT WERE OVER THE 1-LB. MARK.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

SOCIETY CLOSE - UP.

This striking close-up is a new camera-study of MRS. LIONEL GIBBS, *wife of Captain Lionel Gibbs and one of the daughters of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge. Her sisters include Lady Tichborne, wife of Sir Anthony Tichborne, Bt., Mrs. Richard Ottley, and Mrs. Esmond Baring.*

Glorious sunshine graced the Bembridge Sailing Club Regatta last week. Our group shows MISS DAPHNE CLARKE *taking a photograph of* MISS ANGELA MANNING, MISS EVELYN RENNIE, *with her dog Rupert,* MR. MARTIN THORNYCROFT, MISS MONICA CLARKE, MR. TOM THORNYCROFT, *Commodore of the Bembridge Y. C.,* MR. C. T. RICARDO, MRS. TOM THORNYCROFT, *and Peter, the Alsatian.*

MISS JOAN MILLER *wore very smart shorts and a workmanlike shirt.*

This group consists of MR. J. H. L. MUSKER, MISS ANNA GIBBS, *and* MAJOR H. MUSKER, *a member of the Managing Committee.*

MISS MARY CAMPBELL, *daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Campbell, is a keen yachtswoman.*

The girls at Bembridge take more than an academic interest in yachting. Here MISS PEGGY PHILLIPS *is hauling in a dinghy.*

THE BEMBRIDGE SAILING CLUB REGATTA: WELL-

MISS RACHEL DAVENPORT *is seen at work, tarring her boat.*

MR. ARTHUR COLGATE *with his daughter,* MISS ELIZABETH COLGATE, *who wears her hair in two "pigtails" when she goes yachting.*

MR. J. H. L. MUSKER *and* MISS ANNA GIBBS *are watching events through a big telescope during the course of the regatta.*

KNOWN PERSONALITIES ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

Sketch
September 1, 1937

STARS — MOBBED AND UNRECOGNISED: TAYLOR AND STANWYCK.

Everyone knows that ROBERT TAYLOR *is the world's most mobbed star, and that M.-G.-M. were quite het up with the prospect of keeping his "fans" off when he arrived in England in order to make his new picture, "A Yank at Oxford." Our photograph illustrates an adventure which happened to* BARBARA STANWYCK, *who is co-starring with Bob Taylor in "His Affair," at the Gaumont-Haymarket. She wanted to see the pre-view of her own picture, "Stella Dallas," but was not recognised by an over-zealous policeman in Hollywood. He took her to be a Robert Taylor "fan," grabbed her by the arm, and bruised her more than a bit. She's seen telling Bob about it!*

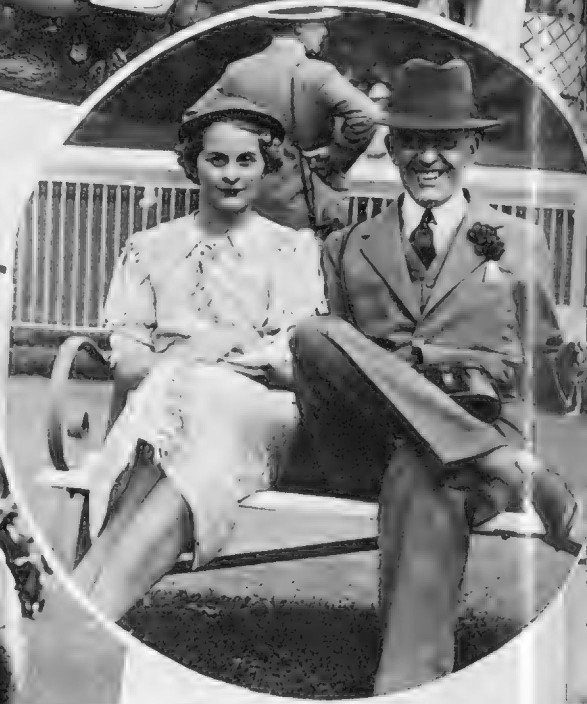
"THE MODERN VALENTINO"— AND EVEN MORE PURSUED.

ROBERT TAYLOR, *here seen with* BARBARA STANWYCK *in "His Affair," at the Gaumont-Haymarket, has been called "The Modern Valentino" and "The Film No. 1 Apollo." He's certainly the most mobbed of all men film-stars and appears to have just as many "fans" as the late Valentino, and even more pushing ones, judging by the trouble the New York police had to get him safely aboard the "Berengaria"! They had to battle with an army of adoring girls, two of whom managed to hide in their favourite's cabin! At the time of writing, Taylor was still in comparative safety on the Atlantic, but it was expected that an impressive regiment of British "fans" would be mobilised for his arrival on Friday last.*

BRILLIANT SUNSHINE FOR YORK'S MOST FASHIONABLE MEETING:

The York August Meeting, one of the great meetings of the Jockey Club season, was held in glorious summer weather. The going was definitely on the hard side, but good sport was enjoyed and a very large crowd of well-knowns attended. LORD HOTHAM and LADY WINIFRED CECIL, elder daughter of the Marquess of Exeter, and Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, received many congratulations on their engagement.

SIR ANTHONY WELDON, BT., VISCOUNTESS MILTON, and VISCOUNT MILTON, only son of Earl Fitzwilliam, are the three in this group (l. to r.).



MISS M. WARBURTON and SIR "JOCK" DELVES-BROUGHTON, BT., faced the camera with a smile.

MR. and LADY ELIZABETH OLDFIELD were together. She is the younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C.

The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND walking in the paddock with the COUNTESS OF DURHAM.

LORD BRACKLEY, only son of the Earl of Ellesmere, with his second sister, LADY JANE SCROPE.

"THE ASCOT OF THE NORTH" ATTENDED BY MANY WELL-KNOWNS.

LADY IRENE HAIG, *youngest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig (l.), and* LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS, *daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry.*

LADY LAVINIA DUNDAS, *second daughter of the Marquess of Zetland, wore a bandeau instead of a hat. She is with* MR. LAURIE GARDNER.

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY, *eldest daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, and daughter-in-law of the Earl of Derby, having some light refreshment with* MAJOR SYKES.

MR. TED LAMBTON *in the paddock with* MISS DIANA CLARKE.

MRS. FRED BEADLE *wore a striking hat.*

The COUNTESS OF ANTRIM *and* LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER *(right) were together.*

TALES WITH A STING.

QUICK RIVER.

By J. ALLAN DUNN.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

THE window faced the north, so that the man, moving silently and swiftly as a lizard, barely obscured the light. But the woman glimpsed him as he passed and spoke to her husband.

" Somebody looked in, John. A man."

John Prouty picked up the greenbacks he had been counting and thrust them into his pocket, rising as a knock came on the door. He opened up and the man stepped inside, forcing entry with the display of an automatic pistol.

He was young, with a reckless, handsome face, marred by dissipation. His grin was impudently evil.

" Figured on askin' my way," he said, " but I saw something that suits me better. Pass over that dough you just slipped into your kick, partner."

" You can't do that," said the woman desperately. " It 's all we 've got. We 've cashed in our life insurance to get in a crop. Last year there was the dust, and then the drought. This year it looks like we might have a chance . . ."

Her voice trailed off before the intruder's leering grimace. She was young, good to look at. His gaze stripped her of modesty.

" Hand over the jack," he ordered. " Quick, if you ain't hungry for trouble. Which reminds me, I could use for grub. Something I can eat single-handed. Coffee and sandwiches. I want to watch you make 'em, sister."

Defiant but defeated, Prouty stepped back, saw his money tucked away, saw the man wolf his food.

" Reckon you might guess who I am. ' Slick ' Saunders, Public Enemy Number One. Five thousand bucks reward. Tough you can't collect. And don't try to," he added, with a sudden snarl His mask of impudent assurance vanished, his pale-blue eyes were glittering slits.

It was hot. The woman had opened the top of her cotton gown, linked it with a small safety pin of gold. She stooped to clear the dishes, and " Slick " Saunders saw a small " V " of skin, white as milk, the shadowed cleft of her bosom below where the sun had tanned her.

" That 's a cute pin, sister," he drawled, watching the troubled lift of her full, shapely breasts. She fumbled nervously at the clasp, blushing through her tan. Prouty moved and Saunders swung his gun to cover his heart.

" I can do that, sister. I still got one free hand."

She shrank from him, and Prouty shouted.

" Stop that, you skunk. If——"

The automatic barked. The impact of its heavy charge behind the slug held Prouty in his tracks. He dropped to his knees, then to his face in a crumpled heap. The reek of the powder-gas was like a fume from hell.

The pupils of Saunders' eyes were dots. The whites showed clear around the light irises. They held the woman hypnotised. The tip of his tongue showed between his retracted lips. The light and lust of murder blazed.

" I never killed a woman—yet." He gave the effect of panting slightly, like a dog on a leash that is about to be released. " I won't now, if you talk quick, and talk straight. If you steer me wrong, I 'll come back an' git you. More ways than one. Now then, is there any short cut to the highway cross-roads ? "

She answered tonelessly. " You can drive across the sage-flat this time of year. It 's good goin'. There 's no wire and no gullies."

" What about Quick River ? "

" Best place for you to cross is just below the blasted cottonwood. You can't miss it. You 'll see the buttes right away. Hold to the south, and you 'll pick up the trees. The flat slopes easy to the water. Now—will you *go* ? "

He backed out, closing the door behind him as Ruth Prouty tried to turn her husband on his back. He was still alive, his heart beating faintly, a froth of tiny pink bubbles on his grey lips.

She dared not try to get him into their " flivver," to risk the jolting. There was no telephone nearer than five miles. She put a pillow under his head, a spread over him, and ran out the back door to the open shed that served them as garage.

As she came out, she saw the dust raised by Saunders' stolen car as he headed for the river.

" He should live," said the doctor. " He 's a strong man, and he 's lived clean. Chances are all in his favour. Sheriff, you might help me get him to bed."

The sheriff touched Ruth on the arm. " I 'm sorry," he said, " but if we aim to git him I 'll want to know all he said and done. What 's this about his takin' a short cut ? "

She told him, and he nodded, grimly appreciative of the killer's strategy. Once where the two main State highways crossed, he left four guesses to his pursuers.

" You told him where to ford the river ? "

" I said the best place for him to cross was by the blasted cottonwood."

" The only ford 's a good half-mile below that."

" I didn't mention the ford. You see, Sheriff, I thought John was dead. He said he 'd get me if I steered him wrong, but if John was gone that didn't bother me. There 's few folks that ain't been brought up round here know why it 's called Quick River. It runs so slow."

" Slow an' deep, in most places."

" When we first came out here, we didn't have a car. I was drivin' the buckboard, and our bay team, the time I tried to cross the river, right at the place I told him. It looked a likely spot. But the bays knew more 'n I did. I figured his car might not be so smart. I . . ."

The doctor called to her for cloths and hot water. She forgot the grizzled sheriff. She did not realise he had been away until he came in again through the front door.

" You picked the right place," he said. " I trailed his sign easy across the flat. It went into the water—but it don't come out again.

" Most folks," he went on, as he stroked the stiff stubble on his lean jaw, " got an idee thet quicksands is bottomless. They ain't. Thet one come nigh to dryin' up last year in the drought. I 'd figure there was about twenty foot of quick, mebbe twenty-five.

" Enough. But I figure the State, and the whole country, would like to make sure ' Slick ' Saunders got choked to death, come sand or rope. Likewise, we 'd git back your money. Then there 's the reward. Thet 'ud sort of ease things fer the two of you while John gits cured. We 'll haul thet quick."

At the time she barely understood him. The doctor nodded to her with a smile. John Prouty had opened his eyes. He was " quick," and he was going to stay on her side of the River.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE 30th (SURREY) A.A. COY., ROYAL ENGINEERS.

On September 26, 1924, by War Office authority, three companies were formed from practically nothing but thin air, and became known as the SURREY GROUP OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT SEARCHLIGHT COMPANY OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS; *with H.Q. at Kingston-on-Thames. They are, therefore, one of the earliest of the London A.A. Units. They are recruited from Croydon, Kingston, and Guildford. Started with a strength of ten officers and eighty-two other ranks, the 30th Surrey has to-day a strength of over one thousand—a fine record in such a short time. The caricatures by Fred May were made whilst they were at camp at Wickford, when their training included special duty near Southend Pier!*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM—FOR RACKET-ING ON THE ROOF BEFORE ROCKETTES.

THE MEMBERS of the BRITISH WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM who went over to the U.S.A. to compete for the trophy—and, unfortunately, to lose it—had their moments of relaxation as well as of strenuous sport. A game of paddle tennis on the courts of the Radio City Music Hall roof falls into the former category and provided entertainment for a group of Rockettes. In the left court, from front to back, are MARGOT LUMB, FREDA JAMES, and MARY HARDWICK. In the right court, from front to back, KAY STAMMERS, JOAN INGRAM, and EVELYN DEARMAN may be seen.

LORD BURGHLEY, M.P., the athlete son of the Marquess of Exeter, has given permission for the reproduction of a picture of himself in action to be used as the sign for a new inn known as "The Hurdler," at Stamford, Lincs. This shows Lord Burghley at an international athletic meeting at Stamford Bridge, London.

CLAIRE LUCE, on holiday at Dubrovnik, has done it thoroughly.

A "MOBILE FOOTBALL FIELD" was one of the attractions in the carnival procession at Southend-on-Sea.

NO one will forget Stanley Holloway's song about Anne Boleyn. The artist who took the part of ANNE BOLEYN in the Southend Pageant looked so realistic that it is not surprising that the Fairy should register astonishment!

MISS CLAIRE LUCE—FOR GOING ALL DALMATIAN WHILE HOLIDAY-MAKING AT DUBROVNIK.

LORD BURGHLEY, M.P.—FOR PROVIDING THE HURDLER INN WITH A SIGN OF A REAL GOOD HURDLER.

THE INVENTOR OF THIS SOUTHEND CARNIVAL FEATURE—FOR ADDING A MOBILE FOOTBALL FIELD TO THE TOWN'S AMENITIES JUST IN TIME FOR THE NEW SOCCER SEASON.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY'S OWN ANNE BOLEYN—FOR ENCOUNTERING A FAIRY WHEN WALKING "ROUND THE BLUIDY TOWER WITH 'ER 'EAD TOOKED UNDERNEATH 'ER ARM."

GOWFFERS AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL.

MRS. GORDON RAMSAY *(left)* and MRS. GEORGE KIDSON *are among those who have been enjoying a holiday at Gleneagles Hotel. Mrs. Ramsay is the wife of Colonel Gordon Ramsay of Farleyer, Aberfeldy; and Mrs. George Kidson, who was Miss Lydia Mason, is the wife of the well-known polo player.*

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, *one of the best horsemen in the country, hunts his own hounds, the famous Beaufort pack. He can also enjoy a game of croquet.*

The HON. MRS. ERNEST HAZELL, *sister of Lord Whitburgh, with her niece,* MRS. MICHAEL FLEMING *(right), who was Miss Letitia Borthwick.*

MRS. WALTER BURT *is in conversation with Lord Airedale's son-in-law,* MR. STEWART McNAUGHTON.

Right: The MISSES DOROTHY *and* LUCIENNE DAWSON, *daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Rupert Dawson of Ochill, are two attractive young visitors at the famous golfing centre.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THOSE who have gone to the Riviera, Central Europe, Italy, Monte Carlo, or Deauville have been enjoying themselves immensely—but we stay-at-homes have our good times too! Racing at York last week was just about perfection—anyway, from the feminine and social point of view, though from the sporting angle the weather was a bit *too* fine, as the going was definitely hard.

Dress was gay, summery and light, with a number of the new abbreviated skirts, many short sleeves, and white shoes cut down to provide the minimum of foot-covering; while hats were tiny and in many cases dispensed with altogether, and replaced by the new "brain-cooler" caps, which are nothing but a roll of material with an invisible crown of brown net. Lady Lavinia Dundas just wore a fold of white velvet round her blonde curled head, and it looked lovely. Lady Maureen Stanley had a halo of bright yellow flowers, like cowslips, to her crownless cap, and a sort of bandeau at the back. Another hat note is that veils now seem to float out at the back instead of hanging down to add mystery to the eyes—perhaps keen racing women find they interfere less with visibility at the races that way.

MISS CLODAGH ROSE KENNEDY *is engaged to Lieut. Viscount Jocelyn, R.N., eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Roden. She is a first-class horsewoman and hunts with the Royal Meath. Her father, the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, brought Roi Herode to Ireland and thus introduced to the race-courses of these islands the famous line of greys of which The Tetrarch was one of the most celebrated.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY POOLE, DUBLIN.

. . . . . .

The Sledmere party was a big one. I saw the bearded Mr. Christopher Sykes, brother of Sir Richard Sykes, with Lady Antrim, his sculptor sister, who wore a short-sleeved dress and dark glasses. Staying at Sledmere for York Races is always the greatest fun. Every morning there is a parade of the yearlings in front of the house, and crowds of people come from far and near to see if they can pick out future classic winners.

The Princess Royal was very interested in the racing, and so were her boys. Lord Lascelles looks almost grown-up, and a good many people who had not seen him for some time mistook his younger brother Gerald for him. The Princess wore cool-looking printed silk dresses each day, navy-and-white one day and red-and-white another. The Aga Khan was a guest at Harewood House. I saw him chatting to Lord and Lady Derwent. The latter is one of our most brilliant literary Peers, and has written books on Goya, Prosper Mérimée, and Rossini; speaks French like a Frenchman, and is a gifted poet. Lady Derwent, who is Rumanian by birth, is extremely attractive and very *chic*. One day she wore a long white coat over a blue-and-white checked dress, with a "tammy" hat of dark blue turned up at right-angles, with a cockade of red-and-blue ribbon at the side. She and the Begum Aga Khan are the two women who wear *chic* hats better than any others in English society.

. . .

MR. *and* MRS. CHARLES SWEENY *are among the well-known people who have been enjoying a bathing holiday on the Lido. She was Miss Margaret Whigham.*

Lord Hotham and his fiancée, Lady Winifred Cecil, were stopped all the time to receive congratulations, and she looked very well on the Ebor day in a red-and-white dress and white hat. The Duchess of Norfolk came in simple, rather sporting clothes, and looked neat in a little cardigan jacket of rust red over a printed frock, and a bonnet-shaped hat.

I saw Mrs. Martin Lindsay at the races. She is one of the two daughters of Mrs. Robert Lindsay, and was saying that her mother is due home next month from Western Australia, where she runs her own big estate. She is always going from England to Australia and back, and her daughters often go out to visit her there. Mrs. Martin Lindsay (she married her cousin) now lives in Lincolnshire, as her husband has given up exploring (he went out with the British Arctic Air Route expedition, and led the British trans-Greenland expedition in 1934) and taken up politics and a country gentleman's life.

All the well-known racing people were there—Lady Durham, Sir "Bill" Bass, and Lady Noreen, the Zetlands, the Ilchesters, Prince Aly Khan, and everyone you can think of. It was a grand meeting, and a tremendous gathering of celebrities.

. . . . .

The marriage of MISS FRANCES ("BOBBIE") CHEVERS, *daughter of Major and Mrs. Chevers, of Jacobean House, Folkestone, and Killyan, Co. Galway, to Mr. T. Cunningham Sutherland, manager of Imperial Airways (India Area), was solemnised at the Roman Catholic Church, Folkestone, last week.*

H.H. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN *wore this extremely smart hat at Deauville races. Note the chiffon jabot on her lace dress.*

One does not usually associate heat-waves with Highland Games. However, Crieff had a sweltering hot day for their annual jamboree, and a record "gallery" into the bargain. Local lairds and their "ladies" mustered in full regalia in the Market Park, where, in the sun-bathed arena, brawny heavy-weights tossed cabers, threw hammers, wrestled, and performed other such traditional feats of strength to the strains of bagpipe refrains.

Sassenachs and visiting Americans seemed duly impressed. Chieftain of the Games was popular Sir James Denby Roberts of Strathallan, who, contrary to custom, did not wear the kilt. Lady Huntingdon came over from Ochertyre, Sir William Keith Murray's place in the neighbourhood, which Lord Huntingdon has taken for the shooting season. With her were her daughter, Lady Kilmorey, and two vivacious young granddaughters, the Ladies Eleanor and Hyacinth Needham. They took up their position in the grand stand near Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who watched the afternoon's proceedings with obvious delight, enthusiastically applauding every event.

Lady Willoughby de Eresby looked delightfully cool in her neat white shantung suiting. She wore a most original bracelet, from which hung innumerable old gold seals. Friends commented upon her enviable sun-tan. Menfolk appeared to be in the majority at this county conclave.

Among them were Sir Woodman Burbidge, genial Provost Haggart of Aberfeldy, and Major Alan MacGregor Whitton, who waged war against a veritable squadron of wasps in the tea tent.

. . . . . .

Talking of Scottish lairds reminds me that Lord Cowdray (who always keeps open house at his lovely Scottish place, Dunecht, during the northern season) is off to the U.S.A. in the near future. After the polo tournament at Cowdray he received so many invitations to visit America that he simply could not refuse, and will, no doubt, have a wonderful time on the other side of the Atlantic. In the meantime he has had many guests at Dunecht, where his mother acts as hostess. Lady Anne Hope has been staying there, and so have Lady Anne Bridgeman and her brother, Lord Newport.

All the Pearson girls are married except ex-débutante Daphne, the youngest of the sisters. Like the other members of the family, she is sporting, and is an excellent horsewoman and a good shot—as good as her cousin, Mrs. Walter Burrell, the former "Judy" Denman.

Other young house-parties in Scotland include Lady Seafield's guests at Cullen House (she has let Castle Grant this year). Mr. Cecil Beaton's sisters, Lady Smiley and Mrs. Hambro and their husbands have been there, and Nina Lady Seafield has been paying her daughter a long visit.

. . .

"Anyone with a taste for seeing celebrities of all kinds *en masse*," writes my Monte Carlo intelligence officer, "cannot do better than go to Monte Carlo beach and watch the swimming and diving while enjoying lunch there. A certain number of enthusiastic bathers disport themselves at all hours, meal-times being apparently of no importance in the pattern of their days! We should be grateful to them, as they give the more material-minded among us something to look at—always provided that we can spare a moment to concentrate on anything except the very excellent food and drink set before us at Monte Carlo—while we are lunching.

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, *formerly Miss Rachel Wrey, is one of the most beautifully dressed women in society. Last week we gave a snapshot of her in a very smart bathing-suit. Here she is looking supremely decorative* en grande tenue.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

"Frequent visitors to Monte Carlo beach this year include the Grand Duke Dimitri, who has such a distinguished type of good looks. He was lunching there the other day with his little son, who bears the title of His Serene Highness Prince Romanowsky-Illyinsky, and already looks a typical Romanow; and their sweet little long-haired dachshund. Miss Madeleine Carroll, blonde and very lovely in the dazzling light, accompanied by her husband, Captain Philip Astley, was talking to Anton Dolin, the dancer, who is one of the Riviera's leading water-ski experts; and I saw Lord Hindlip with a party. Lord Queensberry is staying at Monte Carlo again, and was shortly to be joined by Lady Queensberry. As usual, he gave his annual grouse-party at the Sporting Club on Aug. 13, and it was by no means unlucky, though it happened to be on a Friday too! The birds were brought by air to Cannes, and conveyed from there by a simpler means of transport.

. . . . . .

"Monte Carlo in summer really has to be seen to be believed. The blue seas, the wonderful background of mountains which strike the one note of severity in an otherwise almost overpoweringly opulent landscape, all contribute to endow the scene with an aspect of unreality, especially to northern eyes. It is super-civilised and nature seems to help man in all his most sophisticated efforts to make life easy and pleasurable. The perfect climatic conditions take all effort away from the daily round, and the blue sea seems specially designed for swimming in its warm, clear depths."

. . . . . .

My Salzburg news budget runs as follows: "What a week of events we have had here! The great dinner given annually by Salzburg's Governor, Dr. Franz Rehrl, on the third Sunday in August, always marks the apex of the season. This year there was an impressive attendance of the members of the Austrian Government, who were welcomed at the Archbishop's Palace by Herr Wilhelm Miklas, the President. Invitations had been sent out to many distinguished visitors and artists, and the old archiepiscopal residence, lit by thousands of candles, made a wonderful *décor*. The great dinner-table was decorated with Alpine flowers, and the eighteenth century was evoked by the period liveries worn by the footmen, and by the Mozart melodies played on the cembalo, the viola-da-gamba, and viola d'amore—instruments of his day.

"The party presented a complete 'Who's Who' in Salzburg this season. The Government table guests included Dr. Schuschnigg and the two last remaining Austrian Archdukes, Eugen and Ferdinand Heinrich, who live at Salzburg all the year round. The Duke and Duchess of Windischgraetz, the Comtesse de Chambrun, and the Comte de Segur were with Max Reinhardt and Lotte Lehmann. Prince Michael Cantacuzene was talking to Paula Wessely about her new picture, and admiring her glittering dress, all sewn with shimmering strass. Other well-knowns to be seen were Frau Raimund von Hoffmansthal and Graf and Gräfin Paly Palffy, who were chatting with Graf Czernin, author of 'This Salzburg,' one of the books on everyone's list this year. At midnight, everyone appeared on the big balconies to watch the fascinating torch-light procession arranged by loyal subjects for the entertainment of the members of the Government." MARIEGOLD.

The engagement of the HON. MARGARET WARD, *youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Bangor, to Captain D. C. Forde, Coldstream Guards, younger son of the late Major and Mrs. Forde, has been announced.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

The engagement of King Faruk of Egypt to MLLE. SASI NAZ ZULFICAR, *daughter of a distinguished Egyptian judge, has just been announced. In future the new Queen will be known as "Farida," which means "Unique." It was necessary that she should change her name from Sasi Naz (meaning "Pure Rose") because that is a Persian name and Egypt's Queen must bear an Egyptian one. H.M. King Faruk has presented his bride-to-be with the Order of El Kamal of the First Class, Egypt's highest order for women.*

SCOTTISH AND YORKSHIRE SHOOTING PARTIES.

SIR SPENCER MARYON-WILSON, BT., *is entertaining for the shooting at Foregin, Inverness-shire, and is here seen amid a party of guests, who include his son-in-law,* VISCOUNT GOUGH, M.C. *(left; holding shooting-stick),* VISCOUNTESS GOUGH, VISCOUNT SCARSDALE, COLONEL *the* HON. BERTRAM FORBES, COLONEL M. TOWNLEY, LORD GLANUSK *(behind Sir Spencer; holding gun),* LORD INCHIQUIN, *and the* MARQUESS OF KILDARE.

LADY ILLINGWORTH, LADY MARGARET ILLINGWORTH, *daughter of the Earl of Crawford, and* MRS. HENRY ILLINGWORTH *(right; back row),* LADY ELTISLEY *(r.), and* MRS. ROBARTS *came out to see the sport when Lord Illingworth's party shot at Ramsgill, Yorkshire.*

SIR HAROLD WERNHER *and* LADY ZIA WERNHER *(centre; holding spaniel) are shown with a party of guests at Invermark. The group includes* LORD DIGBY, *the* HON. PAMELA DIGBY, CAPTAIN STACKS, MR. *and* MRS. HARRISON, LORD ERRINGTON, *son of the Earl of Cromer,* LADY MARGARET OGILVY, *and* MASTER ALEX WERNHER, *and the* MISSES GINA *and* MYRA WERNHER, *children of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS COMPTON COLLIER.

IN THE WATER-GARDEN AT NUNEHAM.

This delightful photograph shows VISCOUNTESS HARCOURT *with her daughters, the* HON. ELIZABETH ANN, *the* HON. PENELOPE MARY, *and the* HON. VIRGINIA HARCOURT, *in the water-garden at Nuneham Park, Oxford, one of Lord Harcourt's country seats. She is the only daughter of the fourth Baron Ebury and married the second Viscount Harcourt in 1931.*

GRAND SLAM: 274 MUSICIANS PLAY 150 PIANOS AT ONCE!

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. BASS PHOTO. CO., INDIANAPOLIS.

This photograph, which has reached us from the U.S.A., will make London concert-goers sit up and take notice, for it represents something of which they can never have thought! The occasion was the second annual Grand Piano Festival in Indianapolis's Butler University field house; when, under the bâton of Mr. Frank O. Wilking, some 1500 pianists from forty Indiana communities went through a Chopin, Strauss, Schubert, and Liszt programme during the afternoon and evening. From the descriptions of the festival which have reached us, we understand that there were never more than "274 persons thumping 150 pianos in unison," but that, it must be admitted, is a pretty good effort. The description of this wonderful photograph, published in an American journal, runs as follows: " . . . shows 26 competent Indiana musicians playing in the central group, aided and abetted by 124 teams of two high-school students each seated at 124 different pianos." The field house seats 1500 people and, as two performances were given, nearly 3,000 attended.

PICTURES WITH A HIGH NEWS CONTENT.

Several ex-kings and an ex-queen assembled at the marriage of Princess Dolores de Bourbon-Orléans to Prince August Czartoryski, which took place at Ouchy. This group shows EX-QUEEN AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL *with* EX-KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA *(centre), and (on the right)* EX-KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN. *The bride is a niece of King Alfonso.*

The Guards Brigade exercises in Essex included one based on "Ruritanian" diplomacy. It was British policy to weld the buffer states of Eastland, Centralia and Westland into an association, and to aid this the "MUGWUMP OF EASTLAND" *had to visit the "Emu of Westland"; and receive protection on a dangerous journey, for "General Bolo" intended to kidnap him. The soldier playing the Mugwump is seen being escorted by Guardsmen. Their task was rendered specially difficult by the fact that the "Mugwump's" caste did not allow him to travel in a mechanically-propelled vehicle, to ride an animal, or to hurry!*

MLLE. MARCELLE ROGEZ, *the French film-star, attended the first night of "Time and the Conways," the new Priestley play at the Duchess Theatre.*

MISS FAY COMPTON, *recently seen in "The Winter's Tale," at the Open Air Theatre, is off to tour Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. She is at the Duchess Theatre first-night.*

SIR HUGHE KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, *British Ambassador to China, with* LADY KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, *and their daughters,* MISS ELIZABETH *(right) and* MISS ALETHEA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN. *Sir Hughe was, as everyone knows, seriously injured by a shot from a Japanese aeroplane when on his way by car to a conference in Shanghai. The Japanese Government expressed the greatest regret at this attack; and the British Government announced that "appropriate action" would be taken in regard to it. This is the second time that Sir Hughe has been shot at. The other was in February last, and then Miss Elizabeth Hugessen, who was riding with her father, was wounded by a shot fired by a coolie.*

Right: *The* COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH *and her daughter,* LADY MAUREEN NOEL, *at the première of "Time and the Conways."*

MR. CARL ESMOND *as Prince Albert in "Victoria Regina," at the Lyric Theatre, as he appears in "Woman Proposes," 1839, the playlet in which his marriage to Queen Victoria is arranged.*

MR. CARL ESMOND, *who plays Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, in "Victoria Regina," posed with* MISS PAMELA STANLEY *beside the Albert Memorial, opposite the Albert Hall. It is not generally known that the book which the Prince Consort is represented as holding is the catalogue of the Great Exhibition!*

MISS PAMELA STANLEY *and* MR. CARL ESMOND *recently made a sentimental journey to Kensington Gardens and are posed by the statue of the young Queen Victoria outside Kensington Palace, in which she received the news of her accession.*

MISS PAMELA STANLEY *in Laurence Housman's* "VICTORIA REGINA," *at the Lyric—as the young Queen in the playlet entitled "The Rose and the Thorn," which is set in 1846.*

THE STAGE VICTORIA REGINA AND PRINCE ALBERT VISIT THEIR "OWN" MEMORIALS.

THE NEW SEA-CRAZE: WATER-SKI-ING.

By ANTON DOLIN.

A FAST motor-boat, a spare two hundred-odd francs, and water-skis, and you can enjoy the best water-sport so far invented. Six years ago, young George Ducros had an idea. He divided a surf-riding board into two, and made a small notch to hold his feet: that was the beginning of water-ski-ing. Improvements were soon evolved, and the first pair of water-skis were made. Each year they seem to get shorter and lighter, though now it would seem that the peak of perfection has been attained.

I began last year at Antibes, during the last days of my holiday, and I was not so hot at it, believe me! It took me a couple of days before I could get up. The chief thing to remember is never to pull the boat, but to let the boat pull you. If you can bear this in mind, you will rise out of the water and, providing you 've got a certain amount of balance, you can stay " risen." Once you achieve this, then the fun begins. To cross the waves made by your boat, do so at a right angle; otherwise you get caught in the wash and over you go.

I have been asked about the danger when you fall. To be honest, I was nervous at first, but apart from some bad bruises, once on my chest and twice on my legs, I have been lucky. But accidents *do* happen. The professional at Juan-les-Pins dislocated his knee doing a jump, and Mme. Polotzoff, here at Monte Carlo, strained her leg badly. But, on the whole, water-ski-ing is not a dangerous sport, and it carries a great thrill.

MR. ANTON DOLIN, *author of the article on this page, is in the centre, with* MISS BELITA JEPSON TURNER *behind him.* LORD HINDLIP *is on the right (in the background) and* CAPTAIN RUTHERFORD *on the right (nearest the camera).*

I have not attempted a jump and don't intend to, but being a dancer has its advantages. Line and grace, which mean a lot in dancing, play their part on skis.

Getting rid of one ski is tricky till you know how. As though you were slipping a bolt, you slip your foot on and off the ski. There, again, all you need is balance and, at the beginning, a little " heroism." Think about falling and you 'll fall; but reverse that trend of thought, and ten to one you 'll stay up.

Once having got rid of your one ski, you 've nothing left to do but to go on till you 're tired or you choose to fall. The smartest thing to do when you 've had enough is to throw the rope before you, open out your arms and, once the motion has slacked, you descend slowly, and we hope gracefully, into the water. It looks good, and it 's the way to end—" showing off." Another way, and not difficult to achieve, is to let the boat pull you to your beach. After practice, you can judge your time and distance so as to arrive alone, and unaided by motor-power, right into harbour or to your landing-stage.

At Monte Carlo, from where I 'm writing, we use (or I and my friends do) skis with a small keel at the near end. I contend that for one-foot ski-ing it 's a help and in no way impedes the speed. For jumping, the ski is flat underneath, and an extra rubber band covers the foot over the instep to prevent the ski falling off in mid-air. The whole thing looks alarming, though normally the ski will never leave your foot, unless you be unlucky and fall. In this case, your foot—or feet—just slide out like shaving cream off a table.

Apart from George Ducros, who, as I said, started all this extravagance which has made the enthusiasts spend hundreds of francs per week on motor-boats (and as he didn't think of patenting the idea, made nothing out of it himself), Maurice Schirrer is, in my opinion, the strongest of the one-foot ski-ers on the Côte. He rises up on one foot or ski, and he goes like a young devil. Fearless, and looking like a Greek god, he jumps the waves, bends at all angles by the yachts between the islands at Cannes, often within a couple of inches (no exaggeration!), and provides a show that often draws applause from the hungry ones who watch from the restaurant where, incidentally, one eats the best lobster with a sauce . . . Sorry, I 'm going off my subject, but even writing about water-ski-ing makes me feel hungry!

But not only the young enjoy this sport! I give away no secret when I tell you that, not this year certainly, but very recently, M. Léon Bailby (director of *Le Jour* and organiser of " Le Bal des Petits Lits Blancs ") took up this grand sport and is as good at it as many of those fifty years his junior. Captain Rutherford is another expert at Monte Carlo. He seems to me less spectacular in his methods than others I know, but he is a good all-rounder, and an excellent coach for those lucky enough to get his help. I know one young man who began here only six weeks ago, and thanks to Rutherford, is now excellent. If he had any idea of line and movement, he'd be as good as the very best.

Of course, it 's an expensive pastime, chiefly owing to the fact that a really good, reliable and fast motor-boat is necessary. Without this, water-ski-ing is no fun. In fact, it's no sport at all. From the water-ski-ing point of view, Monte Carlo has, by the way, been the cheapest place on the Côte this year. At the beginning of the season you could get a boat for 150 francs an hour; later it went up to 200. Still, in comparison to Cannes at 240 and the Cap at 250, it was at Monte Carlo where you could ski the cheapest—and, I think, the best. The only exception is, of course, between the islands at Cannes, where the calmness of the water is so perfect.

This brings me to water-ski-ing and the English seaside towns. Once you 're expert at it, the waves, providing they are not too big, are fun; but, to begin with, a calm sea is required. Also sun and a warm temperature—at all events, for the beginner. To go back to the things that one must learn: they include how to get into the shoe pocket on the ski, then lie back and, crossing your skis at the back, keep your balance and avoid toppling over with the skis on top of you. One wants the water warm, otherwise, by the time you 've got the rope in your hand and are ready to move off, you are so cold that the muscles refuse to react.

Water ski-ing would be a fine sport for the Thames, providing the wash from the boat did not upset those lazing in punts at the side, or in mid-stream. But I am afraid the river regulations would make the idea impossible, so it would seem that this grand sport belongs to the Riviera, where it was born.

GALA AND SUN TIME ON THE RIVIERA.

MISS URSULA GIBBONS, *Coronation season débutante-daughter of Lady Orr-Lewis, has been enjoying a Riviera holiday. She is seen at Palm Beach Casino, Cannes, with* MR. DEREK HAGUE.

A charming study of MISS DORIS JENKS *enjoying her morning sun-bathe at Eden Roc. She is an enthusiastic winter-sportite and a St. Moritz "regular." She is now trying her legs at water-ski-ing.*

PRINCE VSEVOLODE OF RUSSIA, *who is well known in London society, sat next to* LADY ORR-LEWIS *at dinner at Palm Beach Casino, Cannes.*

H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF RAJPIPLA *at the Monte Carlo summer Sporting Club with* MISS SHEILA ROCHE. *The Maharaja is known as "Pip" to his many friends in England.*

The beautiful BARONESS GISELA VON KRIEGER *was busy with her camera when our photographer got busy with his. She is a regular visitor to London, where she has many friends.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

THE first two plays of the autumn season treated of yesteryear and of some years before that: alike in looking backwards, the authors differed in choice of social station. Mr. van Druten's "GERTIE MAUDE," at the St. Martin's, was a courageous invasion of the nursery and the servants' hall. Mr. Keith Winter, who had chosen the eighteen-fifties, presumably as a period not recently exploited, proceeded, in "OLD MUSIC," at the St. James's, no doubt with prudence, to portray life above stairs in the mansions of the Governing Class. No chatter among the kitchen china for him, but passion glowering amid the best porcelain. After all, those who go to the theatre to be "taken out of themselves" certainly do not want to meet cook and housemaid and a dish of tea all over again. They have had enough of that at home. Mr. van Druten evidently and gallantly believes that there are enough potential playgoers who are ready to be taken into themselves, and I hope he is right. A theatre which is always about the rich can hardly be called true to life; let us have a bit of both.

"OLD MUSIC," *at the St. James's. This is an impression from Keith Winter's period play, and shows Master Nicholas Decker* (ROBIN MAULE) *accompanied by some very old music.*

Meanwhile, those who are taken out by rich friends to the St. James's in order to be taken out of their perhaps poorer selves are supplied with a play which makes the escape easy. There is a story about a humble governess who does down the dashing lady by marrying the dark and debonair soldier-man of both their choices. The dashing lady, being "thwarted" as they said of old and then married off to a lordly dummy—Wooden Stick-in-Waiting must surely have been his courtly office at some time—continues to dash at the married soldier, with the abandon of a lively trout in the brisk appetite of mayfly week, and naturally this makes trouble. In the end, she bumps off the captain with a pistol-shot and relies upon her rival, his widow, not to give away the fact that the appearances of suicide are in this case seriously misleading. There is no give-away. The two ladies carry their ugly and embarrassing secret down the otherwise tranquil reaches of Victorian life.

All there is to be said about this is to murmur, "Fitness for Purpose." If the function of the drama is to mount a magazine story in gilt of unchallengeable lustre (Messrs. Rex Whistler and G. K. Benda have seen to the decoration and the dresses with neither talents nor money spared, it seems), then here is the very thing. Virtue, if not rewarded in the old-fashioned way, sees vice frustrated: the good governess defies the naughty Governing Class and, though robbed of a questionable husband, she wins enough victory for us to feel that all 's pretty well with the world.

Here Captain Yale (HUGH WILLIAMS; *centre) proposes to Judith* (CELIA JOHNSON; *left)—a thing which Geraldine Decker* (GREER GARSON; *right) had not foreseen. The period is 1853.*

Furthermore, the ladies of St. James's can go swinging to the play with the confident assumption that the show 's going to be "too simply divine" to look at. Miss Celia Johnson, needless to say, makes the humble party both plausible and enchanting, while the dashing lady gets plenty of glitter from Miss Greer Garson's personal presence and histrionic style. Mr. Hugh Williams stands handsomely and enigmatically between them, cogitating on the melancholy fact that he could be tolerably happy with either, until he is done for and dead to both. Mr. Gyles Isham has a poor time as the Stick-in-Waiting fellow, but does his job calmly and effectively.

A great golden moon shone brightly from unclouded skies upon "THE TEMPEST," which had as calm an opening night in Regent's Park as Mr. Carroll could desire. I read somewhere of this production that it lacked creative distinction and had a routine atmosphere. The charge may be true, but the fault is inevitable. If you are, like Mr. Robert Atkins, required to put on a version of "The Tempest," with a week's rehearsal, at the end of a toilsome season, how can a wealth of fresh ideas, and new touches be reasonably expected?

In my opinion, the players got along amply well enough. Mr. Leslie French's Ariel is free of question, whenever we meet it. Mr. Russell Thorndike's Caliban was tremendously powerful in its suggestion of the dominated animal: with the aid of the vocal amplifiers and a still night it could be heard right across the Park and may even have penetrated the Zoo, not, I hope, with subversive and unruly results among the higher mammals and the fauna who could claim kinship with the Shakespearean moon-calf.

Mr. Swinley's Prospero was in fine voice, but less good memory. No great matter this, since we know most of the lines ourselves and simply crave the music of them, a music which Mr. Swinley knew fully how to render.

Mr. Robert Eddison played Ferdinand beautifully: this part is often made too much of a ninny, and Mr. Eddison, with his fine voice and stature, made a real man of him. Mr. Valentine Rooke and Mr. Roy Byford proceeded very well with the fooling. Did they freshen it? Scarcely, but that fooling—horse-play and fish-play and mouth-to-bottle mummery—never was very funny or offered any special hilarity. It developed its ancient and its fish-like smell centuries ago. The two clowns got through it without being bores—quite a great achievement, in my opinion, for there is no doubt that Elizabethan humour differs from Neo-Georgian.

Mr. Leslie French's Ariel is perfectly imagined and executed. How may we describe its airy domination of the lovely play? It is a ray of light, a wave of the sea, let us say, containing all that is magical and nothing that is flabby nor sentimetal. If you are free and there are some nice fine nights before the end of the run, this Ariel must be seen, heard, and adored. Yes, and the others, too. It is a workmanlike show and one that is blessed and beautified by a warm night in the open.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

THERE are no actual changes of programme in the West End cinemas this week, which would seem to show that all the current pictures are meeting with popular approval. Comedy and music are the two types most widely "featured." First of all, we have the gay and speedy "Easy Living," at the Carlton, in which Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold so delightfully entertain themselves and us with the hilarious adventures of a millionaire, a typist, and a fur coat. At the London Pavilion, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea continue the diverting wrangles and quite serious "scraps" of that astonishingly deft blend of sophistication and slapstick, "Woman Chases Man"; while at the Academy, "Yiddle with His Fiddle," in the person of the enchanting Molly Picon, still strikes the refreshing note of intelligent humour which is characteristic of this Jewish comedy from Warsaw. At the Regal, comedy, music, and spectacle are combined in "Let 's Make a Night of It"—an ambitious, all-star variety "musical" from the Elstree studios. Then there is Rouben Mamoulian's provocative production, "High, Wide and Handsome," at the Plaza, a picture whose scope and treatment overflow into so many categories that it is impossible to describe it briefly except as first-class entertainment on a grand scale. Finally, there is the latest Grace Moore film at the Tivoli, "For You Alone," in which music necessarily plays an all-important part, though the author-director, Robert Riskin, has woven it most skilfully into the texture of a romantic comedy concerning the humanising of a temperamental opera-star at the hands of the masterful and determined Cary Grant. Amidst all this lighter and melodious fare, "straight" melodrama is represented by "Under the Red Robe," at the New Gallery, a picturesquely staged and acted British adaptation of Stanley Weyman's novel, with Conrad Veidt and Annabella in the star parts of Gil de Berault and the Lady Marguerite; while the American "His Affair," at the Gaumont-Haymarket, involves our present guest, Robert Taylor, with Barbara Stanwyck and Victor McLaglen in an exciting gangster round-up of 1901; and the Curzon's modern French idyll, "Stradivarius," continues to weave its gentle spell in the story of young lovers parted by the malevolent influence of an old violin.

Marta Eggerth, Hungarian-born star of the German picture "A CASTLE IN FLANDERS," at the little Berkeley Cinema, has been singing in public since she was eight years old. For, so report tells us, it was at this tender age that, as a member of a concert audience, she suddenly burst into song on her own account, and was enthusiastically applauded by the critics for her unauthorised performance. At the age of twelve she made a concert tour of Hungary, singing ten songs each night; at fifteen she had made her operatic début in "The Tales of Hoffman." It was Richard Eichberg who recognised her as a potential film-star, and introduced her to the screen.

"A Castle in Flanders," the first picture in which Marta Eggerth has been seen in this country for a considerable time, is described by its sponsors as "a modern romance with music." This is a fair enough description in one sense, but a trifle misleading in another, since the words suggest something of much lighter material than this rather solemn, slow-moving, and never very convincing story of the young English soldier who fell in love with a singer's disembodied voice. The picture opens with a group of Englishmen listening to a gramophone record in the old castle near Ypres where they are billeted during the war. All are in love with the unseen singer, and one of them, just before he goes into action, declares his love in a letter. The letter, however, is never sent; its writer is supposedly killed.

Years later, the singer (Marta Eggerth) is forced to take shelter in the castle, because the manager of the local hotel pretends there are no vacant rooms—a situation engineered by the former officer, who, assuming the name of a dead comrade, has become a wealthy man after a short period of farming in Australia. Astonished, and yet attracted, by his unexpected presence, the lady discovers the forgotten letter in the pocket of an old coat. But the young man's past—disownment by his family as the result of his shielding of a woman who had forged a cheque—rises between them. It is not until the former war comrades hold a reunion in the castle, to the accompaniment of the same record, whose music merges into the voice of Marta Eggerth herself, that a long-expected climax rounds off a picture whose principal appeal lies in its excellent photography and the lovely singing of its star.

Four feminine stars of such brightness and diversity as Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon is the astonishing complement of "LADIES IN LOVE," which accompanies "Let 's Make a Night of It," at the Regal. The film has a slender story concerning three girls who set up together in a flat in Budapest. The desire of Loretta Young's heart is a hat-shop; of Constance Bennett's a husband rich enough to buy her a five-storied house; of Janet Gaynor's, a good home and a man to take care of. The girls' characters and emotional adventures are well contrasted, and if the picture seems at times a trifle slow, this is probably due to the difficulty of dovetailing what are practically three separate plots into a harmonious whole, a problem which the director, Edward H. Griffith, solves with pointed and sensitive appreciation of all the various reactions involved. It is the type of picture in which his individual and carefully perfected method of understatement is seen to special advantage. On the masculine side the film is, if perhaps less glittering, equally strong in the fine comedy performance of Alan Mowbray as a bombastic illusionist, and that of Paul Lukas as the man who, keeping to the strict letter of his agreement with Constance Bennett, forsakes her for the devastatingly impish charms of Simone Simon. Altogether an out-of-the-ordinary entertainment, very pleasant pictorially, and offering interesting comparisons in technique.

M.E.N.

Captain Yale (HUGH WILLIAMS; *centre) having married Judith* (CELIA JOHNSON; *left) and made Geraldine, now Lady Tresham* (GREER GARSON; *right) his mistress, is shot, more or less accidentally, by Geraldine. The period is 1854.*

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page 440.

YOUNGER SET PERSONALITIES.

MISS VICTORIA HARE, *sister of Mrs. George Seton Wills, is seen with* LT.-COMMANDER HUGH LONGDEN, R.N. *(Ret.), at the Wills's country house.*

Top, left: SIR WILLIAM CHAYTOR *is the seventh Baronet and succeeded his father in 1935. He is with his youngest sister,* ANNE.

Top, right: LORD HOWLAND, *elder son of the Marquess of Tavistock and grandson of the Duke of Bedford, snapped between lawn tennis sets, with* MISS ELIZABETH INGLIS.

SIR BASIL BARTLETT, BT., *and* LADY BARTLETT *on a sunny summer's day. Lady Bartlett was Miss Mary Malcolm and is the only daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch.*

The EARL *and* COUNTESS OF RONALDSHAY *in the garden of their Hayling Island cottage. He is the Marquess of Zetland's elder son, and she is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. Eben and Mrs. Pike.*

"ACTION FOR SLANDER" THRILLS.

"ACTION FOR SLANDER," due at the London Pavilion on September 6, is based on Mary Borden's novel. Grant (ANTHONY HOLLES), Cinderford (RONALD SQUIRE), Josie Bradford (MARGARETTA SCOTT), Major Daviot (CLIVE BROOK), Cowbit (PERCY MARMONT), and Captain Bradford (ARTHUR MARGETSON) in a scene when Daviot is accused of cheating at poker.

Below: Major George Daviot (CLIVE BROOK) with his wife Ann (ANN TODD; centre) and Josie Bradford (MARGARETTA SCOTT; left), with whom he becomes infatuated.

"OLD MUSIC," *Keith Winter's new play at the St. James's, is set in 1853. Mrs. Decker* (MARJORIE FIELDING) *is tearing up the MS. of a novel—it is bad form to write—by Judith Cameron* (CELIA JOHNSON), *the poor cousin-governess.*

On the night of her ball, Geraldine (GREER GARSON) *drinks too much champagne.*

Geraldine Decker (GREER GARSON) *is in love with Tony Yale* (HUGH WILLIAMS), *though she intends to marry Lord Tresham.*

Tony Yale (HUGH WILLIAMS) *finds that Nicholas* (ROBIN MAULE) *has come down to forage for supper at Geraldine's ball.*

THE CRIMEAN WAR AND CRINOLINE PERIOD EVOKED IN "OLD MUSIC":

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

The stately picnic arranged by Geraldine has the quality of a fête champêtre. The characters are Nicholas (ROBIN MAULE), *Tony Yale* (HUGH WILLIAMS), *Mrs. Decker* (MARJORIE FIELDING), *Lord Tresham* (GYLES ISHAM), *Brian Decker* (GEOFFREY KEEN), *Geraldine* (GREER GARSON), *and Judith* (CELIA JOHNSON) *(l. to r.).*

Geraldine (GREER GARSON), *crazy with jealousy and champagne, half-accidentally shoots her lover, Tony Yale* (HUGH WILLIAMS), *when she learns that he is in love with his wife, Judith* (CELIA JOHNSON).

KEITH WINTER'S TRIANGLE DRAMA OF THE 'FIFTIES AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

STAGE PHOTO. CO.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Most of us could name some type of book which rarely, however poor the specimen, fails to interest us; and this is, of course, the type we should be chariest of recommending to other people. If they have not the same bias, they may so easily find themselves taken in. Myself, I incline to travel books—good, bad, and indifferent; but even those who don't will be missing something if they ignore "Farewell Spain." For it has a quality rare (I freely admit) among travel books: it is a little work of art.

That may be partly because it contains not the record of one journey, but the quintessence of a great number; it is a portrait of Spain, drawn after years of loving acquaintance. For Miss O'Brien, Spain has been the goal of all "idle travel," the place to which one goes back and back; and now, heavy-hearted for the beloved land, she has sought comfort in telling over her memories.

This Brave Old World.

She writes, then, confessedly as a sentimental traveller, an escapist—defying the censure of the "right-minded," though not altogether without a pang. Is this, they may well say, a time to fiddle? Yes, even now, on the verge of darkness and catastrophe, "let us fiddle who can do nothing else"—all the more because, at best, it is the last chance we shall ever have.

The morning light, even if some of us live to see it, even if it is cheerful, will be hard; if there is anything at all in human promise, in political struggle, it will be uniform and monotonous. . . . There will be no more sentimental travellers—anywhere. . . . Antarctica, where no one lives, will be a week-end joy-ride, and our descendants, should any records survive to catch their eyes, will marvel at our naïve interest in our neighbours, smiling to discover that once an Arab differed somewhat in his habits from a Dutchman, and a Tibetan from a Scot. Already in Spanish villages if they want to please a passing stranger, they do not sing a *cante hondo*—they tune in to "Big Ben" or Henry Hall. . . . In the reconstituted world there had better be no history. Let it start bald and be allowed to grow no hair—and no teeth. Meanwhile, we wait for our old, shaggy, warted world to go off in its last fit. And we count our ill-starred blessings—the junk we have accumulated and so obstinately loved and sought to increase. Temples, palaces, cathedrals; libraries full of moonshine; pictures to proclaim dead persons, quaint legends, quainter personal conceptions . . . odds and ends of two thousand silly years in which individualism, given its rope, contrived at last, after a lot of remarkable fuss, to hang itself. There will never again, let us hope, be two thousand years so untidy, or so vainly fruitful.

With these few words of self-depreciation—for we are all a part of our deplorable and guilty Christian era—with these few words to placate the forward marchers, the right-minded, let us draw the blinds again and invite our old cosiness. . . . Though doom crack in my face, I am glad to have lived before and not in the millennium.

To every word of this my own feelings say "Amen," but reason tells me it is (I beg Miss O'Brien's pardon) all nonsense. We have all "an inveterate prejudice in favour of here and now": just because of that, our great-grandchildren can be relied on to feel quite cosy in the millennium, if and when it arrives, and our "ill-starred blessings" will be replaced somehow—for beauty, romance, call it what you like, is not inherent in objects, it is something we put into them, each according to his ability. Miss O'Brien has so much of this divine talent that it would find material in any possible state of things. While as for variety—"science, the universal dictator," won't fill up oceans, nor flatten the earth's surface into a billiard-table; nor, I think, will a spot of accessibility ruin the Antarctic's (so far, meagre) contribution to human happiness.

Portrait of Spain.

But these are second thoughts. Under the immediate enchantment of "Farewell Spain" one feels only that here is indeed the land of lands, that one has been incredibly stupid not to see more of it, that one must go again the moment the war is over, visit all the places mentioned by Miss O'Brien, take every one of her bus trips, and compare notes. And in the meantime, it is intolerable to think of change at work anywhere—let alone destruction.

Her Spain is very solid and convincing, for she has the novelist's interest in people—both the quick and the dead—and the poet's eye for landscape, colour, atmosphere, every visual beauty. Then she knows the place and people so well; and her love for them is too robust to be indiscriminating. And she writes charmingly—in a style flexible enough to take in humour, poetry, and gossip and show no joins. Add to all this a directness and sincerity which looks easy—but isn't, as every writer knows. I should have liked to pick out something—about St. Teresa, for instance, or bull-fighting, or Philip II., or the station-promenade at Villalba, or the great plain of Castile, "empty, blond, austere Castile." At the time I thought it would be easy to prove Miss O'Brien's mettle by quotation; only too easy—there would be too much to choose from: but it can't be done, after all. The beautifully even texture baffles all attempts to find a "show piece"; try it and see.

MISS LEONTINE SAGAN *is producing Mr. Ivor Novello's new show, "The Crest of the Wave," due at Drury Lane Theatre to-night, September 1. This is the third of Mr. Novello's big shows which she has produced. She will be remembered for her extremely sensitive and beautiful production of the film "Mädchen in Uniform."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

Dancing Through the Balkans.

"Dead Puppets Dance"—"featuring" the Balkan peninsula—is, I feel, more exclusively for the lover of travel books. Mr. Thornton went out there to study the folk-dancing and music; he was always on the move, and saw, therefore, only what a well-informed visitor, with introductions and plenty of initiative, can see in passing. True, he has a genius for poking about, getting into talk with people, and becoming their dear friend in next to no time—he seems at home in all countries; on the other hand, while travel is a passion with him, writing is only a side-line, and his rather makeshift style detracts from one's pleasure.

But certainly he encountered some queer things among these mountains. He heard Balkan peasants singing of Mithras, and

[Continued on page 432.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY - SMITH

THE new autumn and winter coats are exciting, not only because they are different, but because they are extremely flattering. Look at the coat on the right. It is a chevron striped tweed in brown and beige—ideal for travelling and for country wear—and made grand enough for almost any occasion by its large fluted collar of beaver. Paris is showing any number of large flat collars, but this coat you will find at Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, S.W. It is lined with nigger brown, and it costs sixteen and a half guineas.

They have a really outstanding collection of coats there, including some delightful fur-trimmed swaggers, many narrow-waisted flared models trimmed with blue or silver fox, beaver, or mink-dyed squirrel (the new favourites of the fur world) and—what many women will want—a long, slender coat specially designed to wear with fur capes. It costs very little, but it is most beautifully cut.

JOHN EVERARD.

AN AUTUMN OF LUXURY OF BRILLIANT COLOURS AND OF PURPOSEFUL HATS.

THERE is an enormous amount of velvet in the Winter Collections, particularly in black, in claret colour, in sapphire blue, and in cerise. Everywhere there is a tremendous feeling for luxury.

As for silhouettes, there are several, but one of the favourites is seen in the frock on the left. Francevramant makes it in black velvet, stressing the high bust line and the flowing hem with appliqués of chartreuse green lace. The short velvet gloves are an important detail.

TULLE is very much in the fashion picture, particularly when it is used with sophistication instead of in an ingenuous manner. Quite often pastel shades are chosen, but almost invariably they are trimmed with vivid colours.

In the dress below Lelong takes chiffon (also starred by every designer) in a soft bluebell blue, ornamenting the corsage and the back of the skirt with wide bands of violet-blue. There are many models of this sort, which drift from a narrow waist and hip-line and float about the feet.

IF you are going to wear a suit this autumn you will probably choose it in black or in navy blue, and in either case it will have touches of brilliant colour. What is more, whether you choose a box coat or a slickly tailored one, it will well cover your hips. On the left is a Bruyere suit in navy trimmed with bright yellow gros-grain ribbon. Note the ornamental pockets, the pleated front fullness of the skirt, and the gaily-banded gloves.

THERE is no such thing as a merely pretty hat this autumn—unless you count the veiled hair ornaments we shall wear at night. The new hats have line. They are *chic*, they are gay, and they must be worn with assurance. On the opposite page is Suzy's high hat in royal blue felt trimmed with a spiral band of multi-coloured hemp braid. Paris is full of high hats, most of them made easy to wear by the flattering brow line.

BRIMS are big news this season. They are put there not just to finish the hat, nor to shade the eyes, but to give wit to the face and a distinguished air to a suit or a fur coat. Most of them show two colours at least, and many of them combine far more. Look at the forward-sweeping bill-like brim of Suzy's hat on the far left. In mustard-yellow, it is trimmed with a yellow and black quill perched high on the shallow crown.

Continued.]
watched them dancing out the tenets of Zoroaster, and scenes of forgotten history. He attended the solemn exhumation and reburial of an old man who had died in the "unclean days"—between Christmas and Epiphany—when "the dead hate the living, and turn them into vampires wherever possible." He saw the Russalija dancers fighting with evil spirits. He is himself a believer in vampires, werewolves and all such things, and at the same time a keen student of the political situation—which appears to be so black throughout the peninsula that no eulogy can arouse in one much desire to go there.

It may be a "land of lost content," as Mr. Thornton insinuates, the peasants may be kept quite happy by their wonderful dancing, their mode of life may be infinitely superior to our own; but it is also a land of violence and cruelty—these same peasants have done and suffered atrocious things, not merely in war but as part of the routine of existence, and feel no great horror of them, but are ready, as far as one can make out, to begin again. Perhaps we have little advantage of them in *that.* Still, one would rather live in England than in Rumania, if Mr. Thornton's impressions are to be trusted.

Besides, though everywhere the people are hospitable and friendly, according to Mr. Thornton there are occasions when the authorities seem to do their utmost to harass the foreign tourist, and turn his visit into an obstacle race. Only it seems a pity to miss the food. In this particular, Mr. Thornton leaves Miss O'Brien far behind; he is always mentioning what he had to eat, and invariably it sounds delicious. Here, for instance, is one of his memories of Constantinople:

> We ate an enormous meal in the famous restaurant of Abdullah el Lokantasi. First a dish of *yalanci dolma*—vine leaves wrapped round spiced rice and sultanas and flavoured with cinnamon; next followed *kuzu kagit kebalu*—a dish of lamb and six sorts of vegetables; the meat is wrapped up with the vegetables in greased paper and baked in oil. Sour cream and thin wafers of gingerbread are eaten with this dish, which is almost worth going all the way to Turkey. We finished with bowls of *yogurt* (fermented sheep's milk) and a plate of sweets made from almonds, pistachios and honey. . . . The worst of it is that Turkey is such a long way off—and when you do at last arrive the authorities make it almost impossible to be left alone.

Grasmere sports were held, as usual, in rather "saft" weather, mackintoshes over tweeds being the general wear. Our group shows members of the Lowther party. They include COLONEL ANTHONY LOWTHER, HANS HENRI XVII. PRINCE OF PLESS, PRINCESSE DE CHIMAY, *elder daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton,* MISS ANN LOWTHER, MASTER JAMES LOWTHER, *and* MRS. LOWTHER.

The engagement of MISS PATRICIA DICK-CLELAND, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick-Cleland, of 47, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1, and Newton, Nairn, Scotland, to Lieut. Gino Jori, Royal Italian Navy, former Assistant Naval Attaché to the Italian Embassy in London, has been announced.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KAY VAUGHAN.

The engagement of MISS MARY WHISKARD, *only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, K.C.M.G., C.B., High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in the Commonwealth of Australia, and of Lady Whiskard, of Canberra House, Canberra, Australia, and of Mildenhall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, to* MR. WILLIAM SOMMERVILLE, *elder son of Mr. William Sommerville, has been announced.*

Non-stop to Hades.

The Balkans at their wildest would appear to be a civilised and safe place compared with the America of Mr. McCoy's novel. "No Pockets in a Shroud" is both tough and grim; on the dust-cover, the squeamish and shockable are warned off it, and a glance inside led me to fear I should be numbered among the squeamish. But though hideous things are done, the author is more merciful than one expects in his way of handling them the worst scene of all, which one approaches in fear and trembling, is not half as frightful as an

[Continued on page 440.

Have a glass of Guinness
when you're Tired

G.E.680

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

THE busy season of autumn tournaments is now in progress; some deadly serious events and others not quite so serious. After the tension and strain of the many great contests in the most crowded golf year, it is a relief to take part, either as competitors or spectators, in the not-quite-so-serious events. At the moment there is an amusing tournament in progress on the West Sussex course. It is a match-play event in which fathers are partnered by their daughters. Those who have daughters of their own will appreciate the courage of the fathers taking part—a wife can be kind and forgiving, but the proud contempt of some modern daughters is sufficient to put any man off his game! However, it is nevertheless an amusing tournament. Next week the girls have their own championship at Stoke Poges, and then there is a whole family affair at Burhill, Walton-on-Thames. Whoever conceived the idea of a tournament in which fathers and daughters and mothers and sons make up the foursomes partnerships in a knock-out tournament is either a genius or else a wrecker of homes. We have heard of long-suffering wives, driven almost to distraction by golfing husbands who insist upon relating their experiences after a week-end game. What can happen when father and mother, brother and sister join in the recrimination or appreciation of their partners over the dinner table, with the radio providing jazz accompaniment, is best left to the imagination. In any case, it is highly probable that if mother and son come into opposition with a father and daughter the gallantry of the male section of the foursomes will be tested.

J. WEBB, *a bricklayer of Gerrards' Cross, competed in the Artisans' Golf Tournament at Wentworth. He had two caddies to carry for him*—TONY *and* ROGER BALL, *aged three and five years respectively, who together managed his bag of clubs.*

The Golf that Kills.

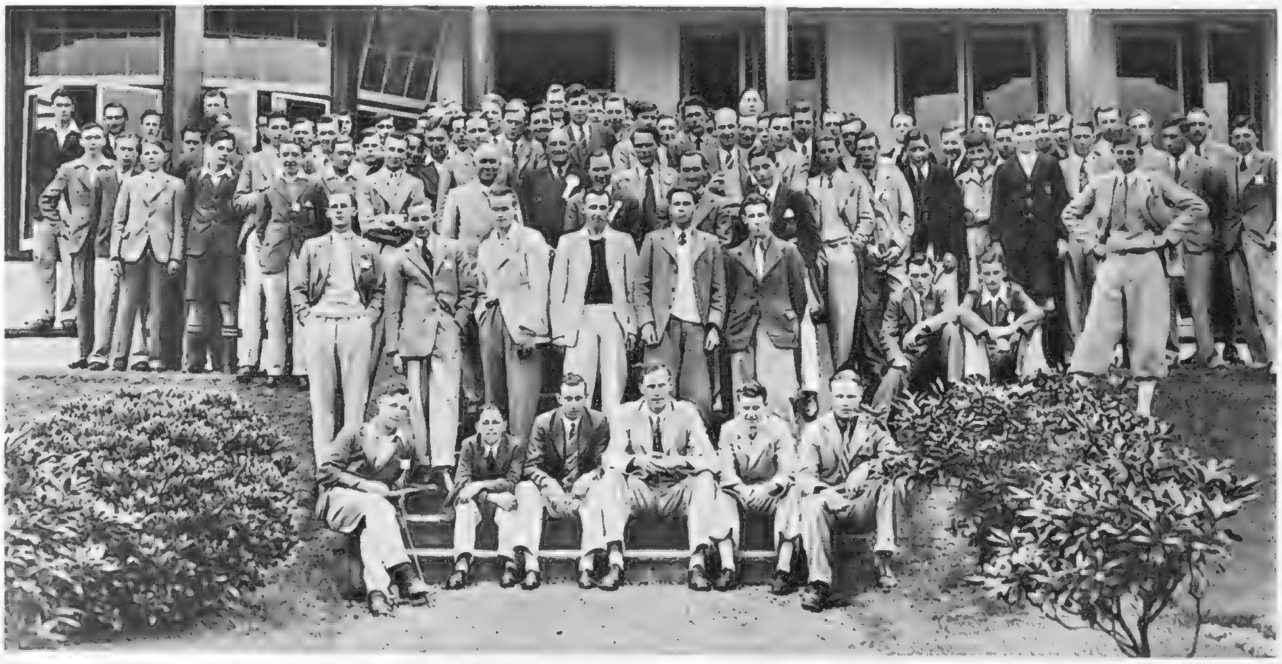
But such tournaments as these are necessary sometimes to remind us that even competitive golf is a game and not a war. They relieve the strain of modern golf, which has caused the breakdown in health of many great players. There was the case of Hector Thomson, who won the Amateur Championship last year and whose preparations for this season's golf were so strenuous that he was unable to defend his title after all. More recently the indisposition of Miss Pam Barton has robbed women's competitive golf of one of the most interesting personalities in the game. Miss Barton had the most successful season of any lady golfer when she won both the British and American titles last year. Although now only twenty years of age, Miss Barton has played golf all over the world, and in a golfing career of five or six years has called upon her resources to such an extent that she finds it physically impossible to continue, and she will not, therefore, defend her title in the United States nor play for the English Championship this month. There have been numerous similar cases in which the strain of tournament golf has affected the health of players, and even professional golfers are occasionally victims, although they train seriously for what is their business.

£1000 Putter Going Cheap.

Where professionals give the greatest indication of the strain of tournaments is in a loss of form. Look, for example, at Henry Cotton and Alfred Padgham. Last year Padgham won almost every tournament, including the Championship. This year he has not, at the time of writing, won a major tournament. Cotton, on the other hand, won only one big tournament last year and has won most of the big events this season. It seems unaccountable that there should be such contrasts, but the explanation is really very simple. The first thing that goes when a professional loses his form is his putting. It is not possible to win in first-class golf when taking thirty-six putts a round, no matter how well the shots through the green may be played. Cotton regained his confidence on the green when he borrowed a putter belonging to a woman friend, and she is not likely to get that club back at present! Padgham, using the identical putter with which he won nearly £2000 in prizes last season, and which he had copied in deference to public demand, has not been able to persuade the ball to go into the hole with it and his "thousand-pound putter" has not brought him more than about a thousand shillings. Whether Padgham will regain his lost confidence during the tournaments of the next few weeks and whether Cotton can retain his phenomenal run of success are questions that are about to be answered.

Golfing Unions' Forethought.

Meanwhile, Ireland is the centre of interest in amateur golf. On the majestic Portmarnock links the leading amateurs of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are now engaged in international battle. This annual international championship is a comparatively new fixture, but it is surprising that it does not attract more general interest than it does. And yet this is a very important meeting so far as British golfing interests are concerned. More especially so this year, because of the Walker Cup contest next year. In the past Britain has always lost this encounter with the United States. Sometimes it has not been possible to send all the players we would have wished to America when the match is played there, but next year it will be played in Britain, and there is no reason why the best available team should not be secured. In the past it has been sometimes the case that the players selected have been given insufficient time for preparations. The home internationals can provide useful data for the formation of a British team, and should be watched with that in mind.



The BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP *was played last week at Bruntsfield, Davidson's Mains, Edinburgh. It was preceded by an International contest in which Scotland won by 9 matches to 2. Here are some of the competitors.*

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: *The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

I.II.

when
an
"angel passes overhead"
and
you wildly search
for something
to say . . .

have you ever noticed
how
that slight tension
is
completely broken
by
passing round
the
cigarettes ? . . .

which,
after all,
are always
such a blessing
at
awkward
moments.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN THE OTHER ZOO.

"AH, that's not a bad idea. Let's go, shall we?" and in less than fifteen minutes, the taxi had landed the party at one of the gates of the Regent's Park Zoo.

"Can't get away from bulls and bears and stags, not to mention all kinds of weird fish," commented The Broker, as he alighted. "Anybody got sixpence? Yes: those two threepennies will do."

The taxi-driver looked at the collection of coins that made up the three-and-ninepence:

"Thank you very much, Sir," said he. "Bin savin' up long for this little treat?" and he beamed upon them so cheerily that they smiled instead of taking his number.

"Me for the bears!" cried The Guest. "This way. Let's see them in daylight first."

The little lamps had not yet come to light. The dusk had only just started to fall. The bandsmen, their tunics splashing brave scarlet against the trees and shrubs, were beginning to assemble around the stand. Lots of children swarmed about the outdoor cages.

Junior drew attention to a pair of brown bears who were having a good-tempered scrap, to the delight of the boys and girls watching them.

"Good fun being here, isn't it?" he laughed. "Makes you forget about our own Zoo in the City."

"Don't you consider it's rather hard on the animals who don't like illumination?" asked his wife. "I should think they must detest these Wednesday and Thursday nights."

"Not a bit of it, my dear. The animals can keep out of the light if it worries them. And look at those monkeys: they love it. Playing to the gallery all the time, bless them!"

The Broker turned round with an enquiry as to what was feeding-time.

"Now," replied Junior with decision. "No time like the present, you know. When did you say you'd meet my people? . . . Did you? It's that already. Come on."

He led the way to the open-air restaurant. "There are my folks; they've taken a table for six. Too chilly for the ladies? Not if they keep their wraps on. We can go in later, for coffee."

The lamps began to twinkle amongst the branches. The band was playing old-fashioned waltzes. The sky showed velvet-black. The bark of a sea-lion sounded harshly from the distance.

"A marvellous evening!" exclaimed Mrs. Senior. "Aren't we lucky to come on a night like this! I might have worn my——"

"Tithe stock is the best thing of its kind that we've got," her husband was saying. "I would prefer it myself to the War Loan."

"The yield's about the same in both cases."

"The Tithe stock stands at twelve points below par, and it has to be paid off at 100 by 1996 at the latest."

"A date that holds no personal interest for me."

"The price will be kept up, all the same, by the stock having a definite repayment date."

"You wouldn't change out of the War Loan into this new thing?"

"I'm not sure that it would be a bad swop. Of course, you have to remember that gilt-edged stocks will move more or less together. . . . I beg your pardon, my dear?"

"I was saying that on a night like this, I might almost have worn my——"

"Why 'almost'? I don't quite see——"

"Don't be silly. And do look at that woman at the next table with shoulders like a bottle of hock."

"Which one? And does a table have shoulders?"

"You're as hopeless as a hyena: you're as——"

"No, dear. Not as a hyena. Say I am as infuriated as a bull in a China shop, and I will thereto deliver my act and deed."

"Doesn't it strike you as being strange that a row between China and Japan should depress the prices, say, of shares in brewery, or Rhodesian copper, or iron and steel companies? I can't see any sense in that."

"There's more sympathy than sense. Moreover, not many people have the pluck to buy shares when prices are flat."

"Why not?" demanded his wife. "I should have supposed that was the very time when everyone would have rushed in to buy, if the shares are cheap."

"Ah, but then you see, we are never sure that they won't be cheaper still, so everyone decides to wait and see." He raised his voice so as to be heard above the crescendo of a glorious Wagner finale. The band, with a violent crash, stopped suddenly:

". . . the swine failed me on the Highways Code," a lady's voice came from the Fellows' room overhead.

The applause was loud and long. But it was the bandmaster who bowed.

"Reverting to our *moutons*," said The Broker, toying with his chicken, "it goes against the grain of human nature to buy at a time when everyone else is holding aloof."

"'Aloof'? Oh, splendid! That's just the one I wanted to complete my crossword. I knew the inspiration would come sooner or later, and here it is. A pencil, please, somebody. Quick!"

"Here you are, Madam," and the waitress handed it to her. "That was the word," she whispered, "that I couldn't think of, either. You don't mind if I use it, do you?"

The Guest was asking what he ought to do about his Mexican Eagles. "I have a pretty heavy loss on my present lot. Shall I cut it, or should I buy more shares to average?"

"That's the hardest question you can put to any Stock Exchange man at the present time. I don't know any that would be more difficult to answer."

"I do," said Junior confidently. "Lots."

"Let's have some."

"You guarantee to supply the correct answers? You are old, Father William, and your hair it has turned very white. But——"

"What does one do about Mexican Eagles?" repeated The Guest patiently.

"Well, either the shares are worth very much more than the present price; or very much less."

"Or both," added Junior.

"I don't want a newspaper reply," protested The Guest. "As a matter of fact, I have already written to two papers, asking for their opinion, and they gave me exactly opposite views."

"Rather suggestive," The Broker remarked, "of both answers being written by the same hand. One of them is bound to come right."

"The other will be wrong, though."

"What does it matter? In a share like Mexican Eagles, everyone knows that whatever you do is a gamble——"

"That wasn't my idea when I bought them. They were being accumulated, I was told, by the best people——"

"You heard that, too, did you?"

"I believed, and I still believe, it was true. But the Mexican Government is difficult when it comes to arbitrary action."

"All one can do is to hope for the best."

"How about a stroll round?"

He asked for the bill.

"Please may I have my pencil?" asked the waitress. "Thank you, Madam."

They strolled round to the lions' cage, where the ladies were fascinated by the gambols of the two baby cubs, and the men professed pleasure at seeing how they snuggled up to the father, the lioness looking on with snarling displeasure.

"I like the bears best," declared one of the ladies. "They are much more human."

"Wait until you see the bulls," her husband advised. "They are even more human still."

"I've been a bull too long," The Guest admitted. "Wish I had sold all my stuff last winter and gone on the other tack."

"Who would have supposed that such an all-round fall could possibly have occurred in so short a time!" exclaimed Junior. "Oh, yes: I know you will say we shall see the markets recover in time, as they always do, but who has the patience to wait for that?"

Like petrified statues poised on perilous heels, the penguins personified an apt reply.

"Well," said The Broker, "I think we shall see a recovery before long. This depression is largely artificial. . . . Yes, dear; what is it? You might have worn your——"

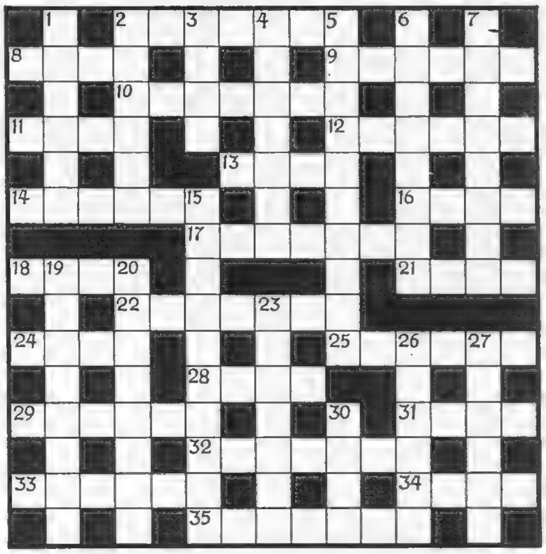
"Don't be so tiresome. I want you to look—No: don't look until she has gone by. There! See? Now, is that ermine coat real; or what?"

The two men turned round very cautiously. Then The Guest coughed:

"*Coney soit qui mal y pense*," said he.

Friday, Aug. 27, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

2. Imagine anyone standing between a man and under-standing! Isn't it monstrous? (7).
8. Malayan canoe with a poor apology for a rower (4).
9. Weapon to bring down a proposal (6).
10. Elder brother is obviously a University man (7).
11. Cut away something from the bag to find the jewel (4).
12. Of good birth, but such a worm! (6).
13. Maker of music, even if beer goes to head (4).
14. Can country be so called where pleasures are taken sadly? (6).
16. Always in the same p ace for Romans (4).
17. *Lèse majesté* (7).
18. Refuse, of course (4).
21. A senile Frenchman resembles Amalekite gone wrong (4).
22. Your bank would not accept this deposit (7).
24. Both rabbit and fox (4).
25. Help one to rise in the world (6).
28. Despite accent, native of Strasbourg is sure of welcome in England (4).
29. Hurrah for Japan! (5).

Across, Continued.]

31. Can non-humans be buried in part of sacred building? (4).
32. Glandular affection (7).
33. Not in Jamaica, but in the land of Lawrence (6).
34. Norwegian composer turns to old-fashioned profanity for expression (4).
35. Drunken and satirical sort of foster-father (7).

DOWN.

1. Guns have close season for it, but old soldiers never (6).
2. As goddess of love, her name's almost equivalent to a troth (6).
3. Magazine sometimes contains explosive stuff (4).
4. An opening for anybody (7).
5. Secret-service man might prefer them to telescope (10).
6. Breeze welcome aboard yacht, but not in nursery (8).
7. Gathered lace border (8).
15. Black marks against the League of Nations (10).
19. Lady cuts quite a figure in architecture (8).
20. Cornish town (8).
23. At meal, with nothing to fall back upon, it's unlike *zakouski* (7).
26. Decrees of the Sublime Porte (6).
27. Italians declare ability to work after tea (6).
30. Pope that wasn't and warrior saint that was (4).

This England . . .

The Quantocks—from the road to Bagborough

DO the little lanes of England sometimes wind about for fun? Slopes they must take easily for the sake of horse and load . . . and skirt the marshland . . . and keep below the skyline on the downs, to see and not be seen. But has the countryman ne'er made a turn, the better to enjoy a well-loved view—and so added his twist to the way between Hither and Yon? For he loves his countryside as greatly as you or I, and with perhaps a deeper gratitude for its rich and lovely gifts. Certainly does he like his Worthington as well as we—and with perhaps a greater understanding of whence its richness comes.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

ONCE again we are overwhelmed by a wave of 1938 models. Daimler and Lanchester, Alvis and Morris have announced their programmes for the coming season, and very interesting they are.

With one or two notable exceptions the adoption of independent front-wheel springing has been, in this country, confined to the more expensive class of vehicle. The latest convert to the principle of springing front wheels separately is the Daimler Company, as demonstrated in the new Daimler "Fifteen." As is the case with so many modern cars, the name "Fifteen" is merely a convenient method of designating a particular type, for the figure does not apply to the R.A.C. rating, the annual tax or the brake-horse-power developed by the engine. I do not know what the last figure should be, though I can make a guess at it, but the first two are respectively 16·2 h.p. and £12 15s.

The NEW MORRIS "TWELVE," SERIES III., *discussed in the article on this page, is fitted with an overhead-valve engine and a four-speed helical gear-box with synchromesh on second, third and fourth. The car has a high performance, and is finished in a variety of duo-tone shades.*

The new Daimler "Fifteen" uses large exposed coil springs at the front, *à la* Mercédès, the lay-out being original and highly interesting. A torque bracket positively locates the steering heads, and a system of hinged rods takes care of the parallel rise and fall of the wheels. On our winding English roads very soft and comfortable springing might be expected to cause unpleasant rolling on corners, and this has been guarded against on the Daimler by an ingenious arrangement of torsion bars coupling the shock-absorber arms. These, together with the low build resulting from a worm-drive back axle and an underslung frame, ensure a hitherto undreamed-of degree of stability.

Apart from the front springing, the new "Fifteen" in general follows previous Daimler practice, with a rigid, box-section under-slung frame, overhead-valve engine, fluid flywheel and pre-selective self-changing gear. The various "Twenty" and "Straight-Eight" models of the Daimler range are being continued with detail modifications only, and the same may be said of the Lanchester models, which, however, have new and smarter coachwork and are reduced in price.

TWO NEW ALVIS MODELS.

The new range of Alvis models, known as "Silver Crest," include a 16·95-h.p. and 20-h.p. chassis. Both these cars are fast, extremely comfortable, smooth and silent. They have independent wheel-springing and six-cylinder engines, while a notable characteristic is their ability to run at very low speeds in top gear in traffic. The 16·95-h.p. "Silver Crest" is listed as a four-light saloon at £565, the 20-h.p. model costing £30 more.

The speed "Twenty-Five," in its 1938 form, has lighter brake operation, thanks to the addition of a vacuum-servo motor, and a new and improved type of shock-absorber, which gives a greater range of control to the springing. The same improvements have been effected to the "Crested Eagle" saloons and limousines. The extremely handsome and comfortable 4·3-litre car remains unchanged. This is a splendid car for long-distance touring, owing to its brilliant performance and the large amount of luggage space available.

AN ENTIRELY NEW MORRIS "TWELVE."

One of the most attractive new cars to be announced recently is the Series III. 12-h.p. Morris: handsome, lively and inexpensive. It marks the return of Morris Motors, Ltd. to the overhead-valve engine after an interval of several years, as well as the standardisation of an easy-change four-speed gear-box with synchromesh engagement for second gear as well as third and top.

With a new type of rubber-insulated engine-mounting, the power-unit runs so smoothly that even an expert motorist would assume it to be a "six." On lifting the bonnet, however, one discovers a four-cylinder overhead-valve engine of 1550 c.c. capacity with a single carburetter, a combination that gives a 70 m.p.h. performance with 30 m.p.g. economy.

Outstanding acceleration is a marked feature of the new 12-h.p. Morris and this, coupled with very powerful Lockheed hydraulic brakes, ensures the maximum of safety in control. The steering is extremely light and the lock is excellent, two points which make for effortless driving and easy parking.

It is in the coachwork, however, that the average motorist will find the chief attraction. The lines are very smart, the sloping lid of the rear locker letting down to form a luggage platform that is, for all intents and purposes, level. Even when closed the locker holds no less than ten cubic feet of luggage, an amount that has to be seen to be believed.

The front seats are mounted on tubular frames, which not only gives the rear passengers more toe-room but facilitates sweeping-out the car. A new type of "eye-level" instrument board calls for the smallest possible deflection of the driver's sight when reading his speedometer, while beneath it is a wide shelf, running the whole width of the body, for small parcels. A roof-net is provided for gloves, etc., an efficient ventilation system is fitted and the upholstery, in the £215 model, is real leather.

Thermostat-controlled cooling, hydraulic shock-absorbers, and the accessibly-placed battery beneath the bonnet, as well as the mounting on the chassis of the rear hydraulic jacks, are further "talking points" of this striking new model. On test, the remarkable speed and acceleration are at once revealed. The all-out maximum is just about 70 m.p.h., and 50 m.p.h. can be reached, from rest, in 24·1 seconds. On second gear 30 m.p.h. can be exceeded, while third gear gives a speed of over 50 m.p.h. On top gear the car will accelerate from 10 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. in 11·9 seconds. All this shows that the Series III. 12-h.p. Morris is as good as it looks, and selling at £215, with a sliding-roof four-door saloon body, it is sure to meet with an enviable amount of success.

The VAUXHALL "FOURTEEN" *is undoubtedly a most distinctive car and one that is well to the forefront of modern design. Its pleasantly streamlined coachwork is enhanced by the handsome radiator, which has a chromium grille, and by the modern-design bonnet louvres and famous Vauxhall flutes. It is available with the choice of either a 12-h.p. or a 14-h.p. engine, and the de luxe saloon illustrated above costs £215.*

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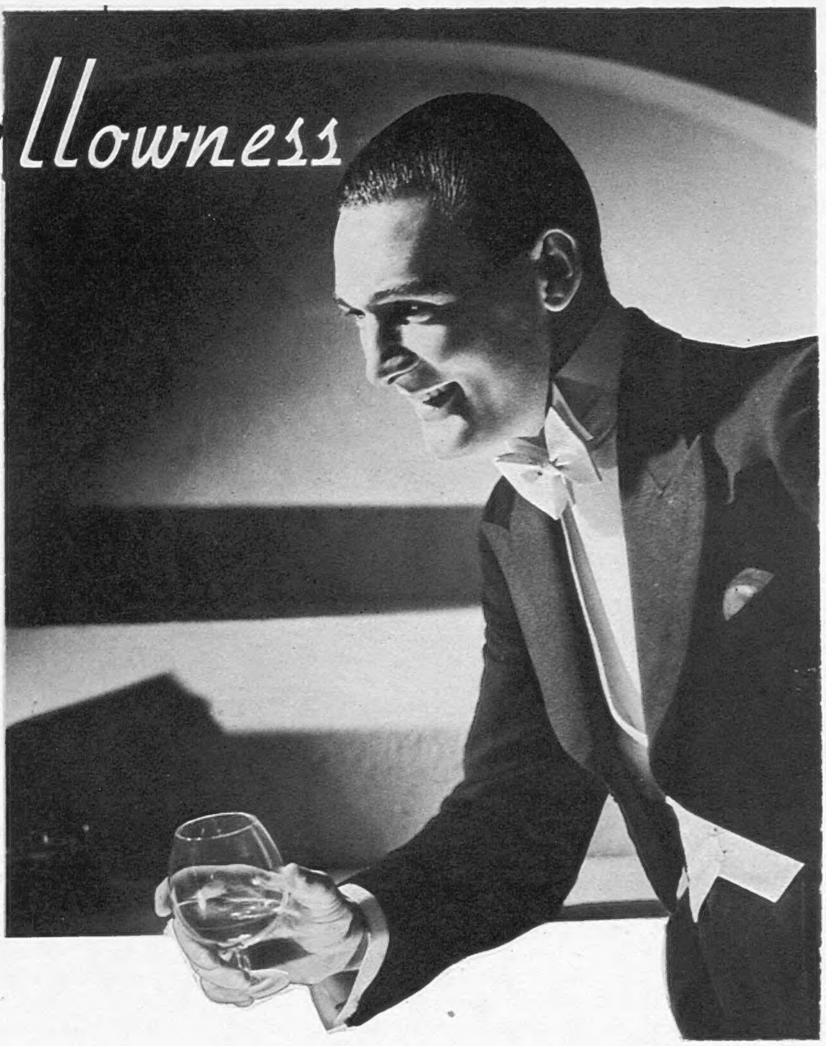

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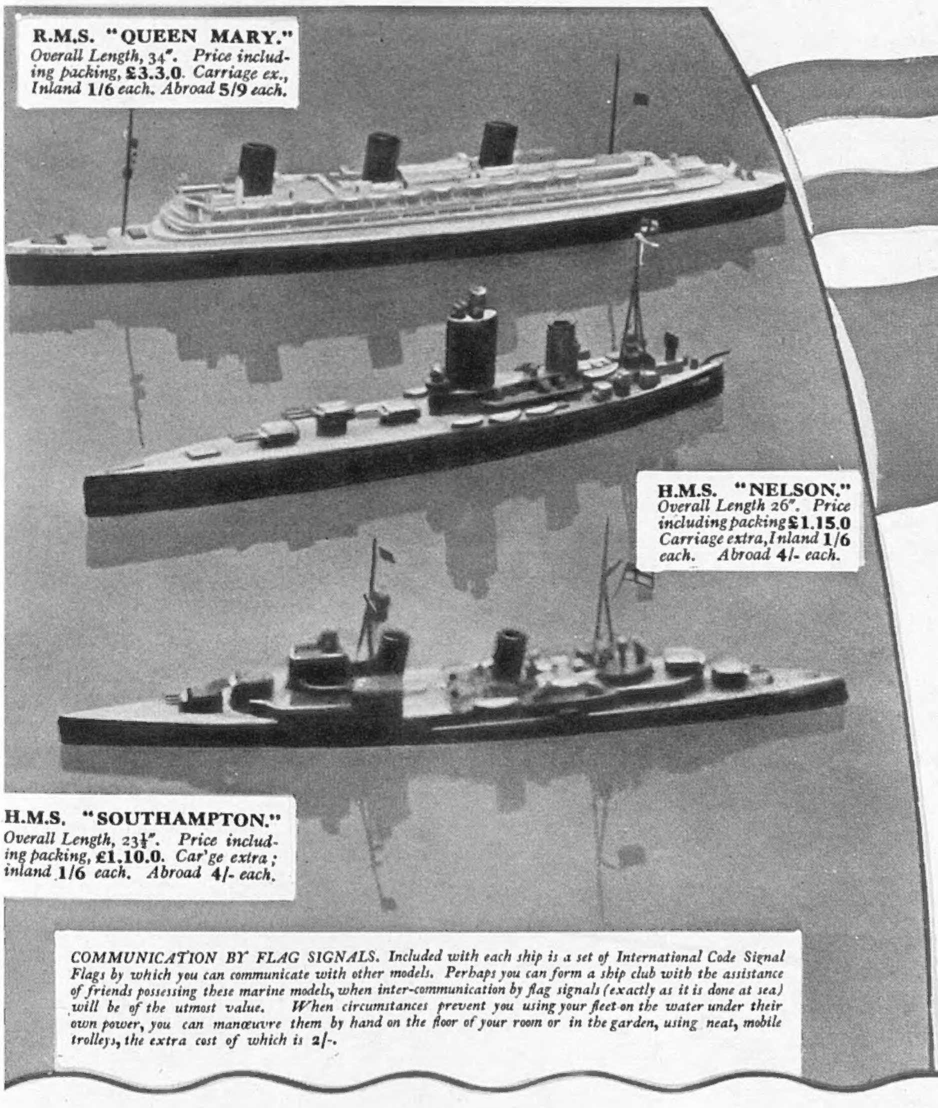

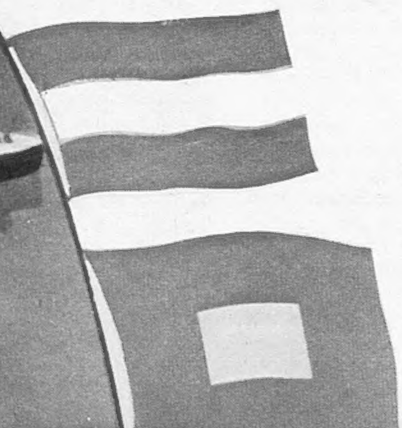

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXIV.

TWO-SUIT HANDS.

THE theory of anticipation comes largely in the bidding of two-suiters. Before you open the bidding say to yourself: "What is my partner likely to respond with, and also what do I want him to lead in the event of the play going to the player on my left?" Then see to it that you can show both suits at the lowest possible level—at least, that's what you ought to see to, although I know many players have no objection to getting into a three- or even a four-bid on the second round.

Suppose your suits are spades and hearts:

You bid 1 spade. Partner bids 2 clubs.
" " 2 hearts. " " 2 spades.

But suppose—

You bid 1 heart. Partner bids 2 clubs.
" " 2 spades. " " 3 hearts,

which gets the bidding unnecessarily high. The same thing happens when your suits are clubs and diamonds, unless you bid the diamonds first.

Now consider the case when your suits are spades and clubs or diamonds. Now if you bid one spade and the response is two hearts, you must bid three diamonds (or clubs); but if you bid one diamond (or club) to start with, and the response is one heart, you then bid one spade, which allows partner to come back with a two-bid, or, indeed, one no-trump.

But suppose you hold hearts and a minor, and you bid the minor first, thus: one club—response one spade; now you bid two hearts, when, if your partner wants to show support for your clubs, he must bid three clubs. Bid the other way about and we get one heart, one spade, two clubs, when partner can show his heart support with a two-bid.

There is, I know, a fairly common idea that the first suit mentioned by partner must of necessity be his strongest, and for that reason players holding—

(1) SPADES—A, 5, 4, 3, 2.
HEARTS—A, Q, Kn, 3, 2.

(2) DIAMONDS—K, Q, 10, 9, 8.
CLUBS—A, K, Q, 3, 2,

will open with hearts on (1) and clubs on (2). Personally, I think they are wrong, if only for the reason that, as a playing proposition, it is better to have a powerful *side* suit and a weakish trump suit than the other way about. But still, there are occasions when the more powerful suit should be bid first—thus, when you see the possibility of the play going to your left-hand opponent:

SPADES—Q, 10, 9, x, x.	SPADES—A, x, x, x, x.
HEARTS—x, x.	HEARTS—x, x.
CLUBS—K, x.	CLUBS—K, Q, Kn, x.
DIAMONDS—A, K, x, x.	DIAMONDS—K, x.
I would bid one diamond.	*I* would bid one club.

Here I am up against many authorities; indeed, one authority for whom I have great respect says: "If you hold two suits of unequal length, bid the longer suit first, provided it is headed by queen, ten or by the king." This same writer says if he held spades—A, Q, 10, x; hearts—A, K, x, x; clubs—A, Kn, 10, x; and Diamonds—x, he would bid spades, then hearts, and very likely clubs on the third round; while I myself would bid clubs, then *spades*, and hearts on the third round. On these cards, of course, there is no likelihood of the opponents getting the play of the hand, but I should hope to arrive at a better fit by opening with a club, thus: one club—one diamond; one *spade*—one no-trump; two hearts (which strikes me as better than one spade)—two diamonds; two hearts—two no-trumps; three clubs, and so on.

Here is the double-dummy position given last week—

SPADES—4, 3, 2.
HEARTS—None.
CLUBS—Kn.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 3, 2.
B

SPADES—5. HEARTS—7, 2. CLUBS—10, 6, 4. DIAMONDS—9, 8.	Y Z	SPADES—None. HEARTS—5, 4. CLUBS—8, 5, 3. DIAMONDS—7, 6, 5.

A
SPADES—6.
HEARTS—6, 3.
CLUBS—Q, 9, 7, 2.
DIAMONDS—4.

Spades are trumps. A to lead and make all the tricks. A leads the six of hearts, Y plays the seven, and B ruffs. The knave of clubs is led and overtaken with A's queen, and the nine of clubs returned. Y plays the ten, B ruffs and leads his last trump. If Z discards a heart, A's three is good; if he throws a club, A's are good; if he drops a diamond, B makes all.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUG. 25.

ACROSS.—1. Menial. 7. Dame. 11. Inert. 12. Ban. 13. Stakes. 14. Bend. 15. Sets. 16. Trot. 18. Ere. 19. Uses. 21. Serfs. 23. Chits. 26. Leek. 28. Nip. 30. Pard. 31. Isle. 32. Clay. 34. Indite. 36. Ten. 37. Scolded. 38. Sago. 39. Tweeds.

DOWN.—1. Misses. 2. Entered. 3. Neater. 4. Irks. 5. Ate. 6. Lists. 8. Abet. 9. Man. 10. Ends. 14. Bosh. 17. Reck. 19. User. 20. Stilted. 22. Flay. 24. Inside. 25. Speeds. 27. Edict. 29. Acts. 30. Pang. 31. Idle. 33. Lea. 35. Now.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 432.*)

episode of rather the same kind in "Elmer Gantry." As for the characters' "realistic" language, and the freedom with which they jump in and out of each other's beds—we have long since got used to all that—at least, in fiction. Discard the expectation of shock, and the book turns out to be simply a high-speed non-mystery thriller with an unorthodox ending: one goes racing through it, and gets bludgeoned in the last paragraph. But it is deadly serious, unlike other thrillers, and does not shake the mind any less for sparing the nerves. I only hope the English reader won't find in it a pretext for smugness.

Castles in Austria.

With "She Painted Her Face" we are back in the comfortable country of pure romance: it is called Austria here, but it might well be called Ruritania. A Count of Brief, treacherously supplanted, years since, by his twin brother; a proud and lovely young heiress at the mercy of her supposed father, and his supposed nephew; a young Englishman who learns the secret and sets out to right the wrong—you see how it goes. But it is an exceptionally distinguished specimen of the kind of thing. I defy anyone to reach page fourteen and then stop—nor does it lapse afterwards; Mr. Dornford Yates is fertile in neat inventions and telling scenes. His people are dummies, but his manner is always that of an aristocrat in the *genre*. Only, why so undescriptive, so misleading a title?—K. J.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Farewell Spain. By Kate O'Brien. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Dead Puppets Dance. By Philip Thornton. (*Collins; 10s. 6d.*)
No Pockets in a Shroud. By Horace McCoy. (*Arthur Barker; 7s. 6d.*)
She Painted Her Face. By Dornford Yates. (*Ward Lock; 7s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time brilliantly re-created by Keith Winter and Rex Whistler. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"JUDGMENT DAY" (Phœnix). 8.30.—Trial and counter-revolution in totalitarian State. Tense action; brilliant acting and production. Catherine Lacey, Ronald Adam, Freda Jackson, Glynis Johns.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"GERTIE MAUDE" (St. Martin's). 8.30. John van Druten's Conversation Piece of 1911. First-rate acting.

"THE TEMPEST" (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). 8.15.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Another good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (Globe). 8.30.—Another thriller by Barré Lyndon; with Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME" (Plaza).—Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott in a spectacular romance of the Pennsylvania oil-fields, directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

"EASY LIVING" (Carlton).—Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold in the joyous comedy of a fur coat.

"YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE" (Academy).—A Jewish comedy from Warsaw, starring Molly Picon.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"FOR YOU ALONE" (Tivoli).—Fine singing by Grace Moore in romantic comedy with Cary Grant.

"LET'S MAKE A NIGHT OF IT" (Regal).—All-star variety "musical" with June Clyde and Buddy Rogers.

"HIS AFFAIR" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Exciting gangster melodrama of 1901, with Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, and Victor McLaglen.

"UNDER THE RED ROBE" (New Gallery).—A lively adaptation of Stanley Weyman's famous novel, starring Conrad Veidt and Annabella.

"STRADIVARIUS" (Curzon).—French romantic drama centred round the history of an old violin.

"WOMAN CHASES MAN" (London Pavilion).—Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea in the hilarious comedy of a successful ruse.

"A CASTLE IN FLANDERS" (Berkeley). Modern German romance with music, starring Marta Eggerth.

While every endeavour is made to keep these lists up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

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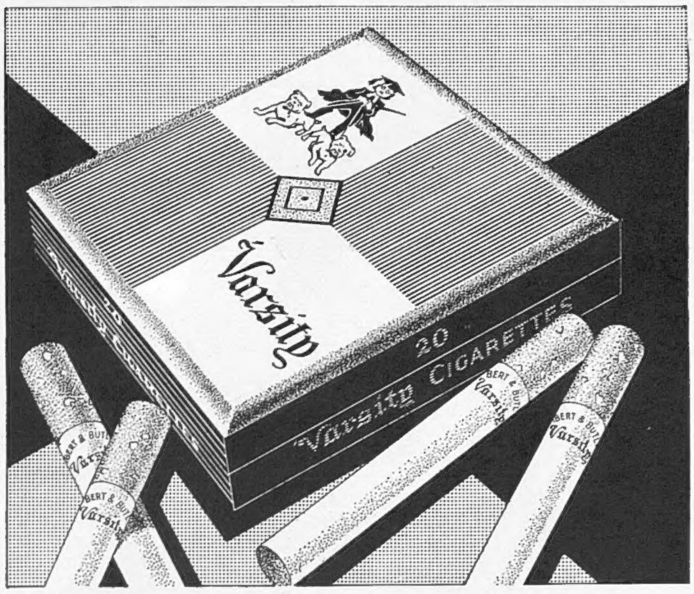

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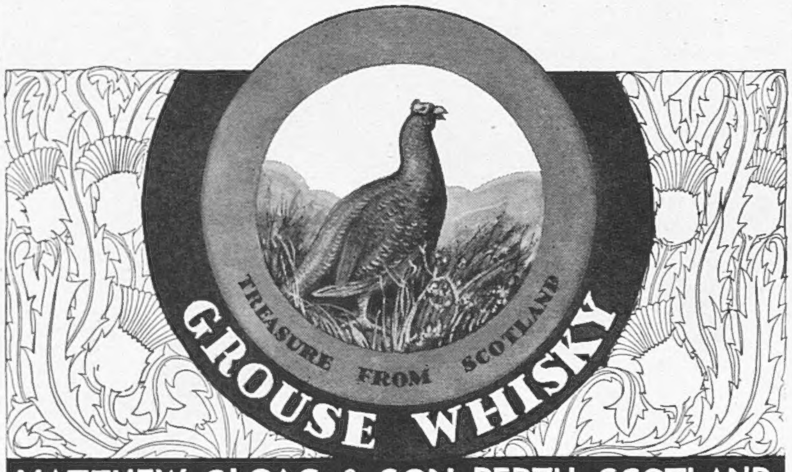

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